PERIODICAL ROOM GENERAL LIBRARY UNIV. OF MICH.
NOV 21 1932

The New Statesman and Nation, November 12, 1932

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating The Athenæum

Vol. IV. No. 90 (New Series) **SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1932** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 565
WHAT WILL ROOSEVELT MEAN? 568
SAVING AND SPENDING. By J. A. Hobson . . 569
A LONDON DIARY 570
EXIT PAPEN? 571
THE GAOLBIRD. By Y. Y. 572
SO NOW WE KNOW. By MacFlecknoe . . . 573
CORRESPONDENCE 573
From H. G. Wood; E. H. Davenport; K. O. Burt; Douglas Goldring; Frank G. Layton; Bernard Cakebread; G. R. Stirling Taylor; Potocki of Montalk; Anthony Crossley, M.P.; E. M. Forster.
MORE DREAMS. By Stella Benson 576
FOR SERVICES RENDERED. By Desmond MacCarthy 577
ARMISTICE DAY, 1932. By Wilfrid Gibson . . 578
PLAYS AND PICTURES 579
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Harold Nicolson . *Page* 580
REVIEWS:
Mediaeval French Lyries. By Agnes Mure Mackenzie 599
Since the War 599
Farthest North. By H. E. Bates . . . 600
Mr. Strachey's Prophecy. By C. E. M. Joad . 600
Open Doors. By Pamela Hinkson . . . 602
Up in the Air. By G. W. Stonier . . . 604
SHORTER NOTICES 604
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 606
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 608
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT (*see separate index*) . . 583
Including articles by Michael Sadleir; Forrest Reid; Rose Macaulay; Ronald Knox; Richard Church; J. A. Hobson; Princess Antoine Bibesco; Lydia Lopokova; Peter Quennell.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The Postage on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.

THE Government's reforms in the means test scheme are, as we expected, small beer. They are concerned with certain kinds of resources, disability pensions and workmen's compensation payments, savings and capital assets, including houses. Public Assistance committees are to ignore definite proportions of these in computing the needs of applicants, and the result will no doubt be to remove some of the blatant anomalies and injustices in the assessments. But many will remain (especially those which arise in connection with the earnings of relatives), and very probably some new hardships will be created. One astonishing proposal is that after the first £50 of capital assets has been ignored, each succeeding £25 should be treated as equivalent to an income of 1s. a week. Why? A shilling a week is £2 12s. per annum. Who, we should like to know, can get nearly 10½ per cent. interest on his investments? To make this pretence to an unemployed man on the verge of destitution is a piece of disgusting meanness. Apart from details, the vice of the scheme—and it is a fundamental vice—is that the administration is left in the hands of the local authorities and based on Poor Law principles.

* * *

Behind all this we have now the criticisms and recommendations of the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance. There are two reports, in which the whole subject is approached from diametrically opposite points of view. For the Majority, the aim is so to reconstruct the insurance system as to make it actuarially solvent at the cost of excluding a very large proportion of the unemployed from its benefits, and to build up outside the system a supplementary structure of unemployment relief based upon a means test and largely reproducing the familiar principles of outdoor relief under the Poor Law. The Minority sets out from the familiar Labour principle of the right to work or maintenance. Any attempt, it argues, to make a distinction between two classes of unemployed workers, the one entitled to insurance benefits as of right and the other to be relieved only after a rigorous test of means, is radically wrong; for are not all workers entitled to look to the State for maintenance in default of the ability of the community to find work for them? The contrast between the two points of view is precisely the contrast between the capitalist and the Socialist outlook, for while adherents of private enterprise recognise an obligation upon the community to relieve absolute destitution, most of them regard any definite undertaking on the part of the State to provide either work or maintenance at a decent living standard as subversive of the principles on which the system of private enterprise rests. Socialists, on the other hand, put the claim to work or maintenance first, and hold

that if private enterprise cannot meet this claim it stands thereby condemned.

* * *

The Minority Report in all the circumstances must obviously be read rather as a Socialist manifesto and a foreshadowing of the policy of an alternative Government than as a practical suggestion to be adopted by the present Government. The Minority, indeed, conscious of this, includes in its proposals certain recommendations based on the assumption that the general principles of the Majority are likely to be followed. In particular it objects strongly to the proposal that relief as distinct from insurance should continue to be administered by the local authorities, and urges that the whole administration should be centralised in the hands of the Ministry of Labour and the Employment Exchanges. The Majority favours local administration because it wishes to apply the familiar principle of "less eligibility," and this must involve assimilating the methods of administering relief under the scheme to those of the Poor Law. It does, indeed, suggest that the supervision of the scheme should be transferred nationally from the Ministry of Health to the Ministry of Labour, and locally from the Public Assistance Committees to a new set of Employment Assistance Committees; but this is a change merely of administration and not of principle. It is fundamental to the Majority's case that the means test should both be retained and administered broadly in accordance with those Poor Law principles which have contributed so largely to its present unpopularity. There would doubtless be more uniformity between area and area, and the assessments of the most niggardly local authorities would be improved. But in general there seems a likelihood of tightening up rather than of relaxation of standards under this scheme.

* * *

Moreover, the Majority actually proposes a small further cut in the rates of benefit as well as a change in the conditions under which benefit can be drawn. The slight increase in the allowance for a dependent child is offset financially by the proposed reduction of 3d. in the benefit payable to an adult man. Even more important than the proposed changes in the scales of benefit is the proposal to make the conditions for the receipt of insurance benefit vary, as they used to do, with the amounts paid in contributions by the beneficiary. At present insurance runs for twenty-six weeks; under the scheme proposed by the Majority it will run from a minimum of thirteen weeks to a maximum of thirty-nine weeks, according to the number of contributions standing to the credit of the individual. In face of the large amount of persistent unemployment applying to the same individuals this is bound to involve a considerable transfer of applicants from the insurance to the assistance scheme, and thus to make the means test apply to an even larger proportion of the unemployed than it does to-day. Though a Government determined to treat the unemployed in accordance with the old Poor Law tradition may be inclined to adopt the provisions of the Report, it should at least be possible to prevent its full endorsement and it is above all on the attempt to reduce the standard period of benefit that we may expect criticism to be concentrated.

* * *

Mr. Chamberlain admits the necessity of measures to raise the level of wholesale prices, but he evidently thinks mainly in terms of the restriction of the quantity of the goods placed on the market. This restrictive policy has taken a fresh leap forward since Ottawa with a further regulation scheme to govern the importation of foreign as well as Dominion meat. The Government is persuading the Dominions to restrict their imports of meat below the quotas accepted at Ottawa and is negotiating fresh limitations with the growers in South America, Europe and the United States. The reason given for this restrictive policy is the great depression which admittedly exists in the live-stock industry in Great Britain, paralleled by a similar depression in the countries from which Great Britain draws her imports. Such a depression is, of course, natural enough at a time of world slump, the more so because the world's live-stock industry had been substantially extended in the years before 1929 in the anticipation of a continued rise in the standard of living. Such quota schemes as are now being negotiated can doubtless improve the position of the British farmer by raising the price of Dominion and foreign meat, but it is clear that a restriction in the world's consumption of meat such as is now being planned is in no sense a solution of the problem, but rather an abandonment of it as insoluble, and a condemnation of the world's inhabitants to a continuance of poverty in the midst of plenty.

* * *

Whatever may be thought of the French disarmament plan, M. Herriot's attitude towards Italy, as manifested in his recent speeches at Toulouse and in Paris, looks very encouraging. He recognises, and indeed insists upon, the importance of better relations, he admits that France has sometimes been unjust, as well as unwise, in her dealings with Italy, and he announces that he is considering a pact of non-aggression with the Fascist Government. All this is good, and good might be still better if Mr. Norman Davis's efforts in Rome were successful in producing a Franco-Italian agreement on the naval question. But there is a fly in the ointment—a large bluebottle, in fact, in the shape of the *Dunkerque*, the new battleship which the French Government are proceeding to build. This vessel of 26,000 tons, with a speed of twenty-nine knots and armed with nine 13in. guns, will, it is said, strengthen the French Navy in the Mediterranean. No doubt; but will it not also strengthen Italy's fears and hesitations, and everybody else's suspicions of M. Herriot's genuineness about disarmament? What instruments of war is France really prepared to abandon on land or sea or in the air?

* * *

Meanwhile there is some pother in Downing Street over our own policy. Proposals have been made, it is said, for the abolition, or at least for a very drastic reduction, of air forces, and these have caused dissension in the Cabinet and alarm among the Tory Die-hards outside. For ourselves, we should heartily support any

such scheme. And we should support it with equal heartiness if we were dyed-in-the-wool nationalists, for the abolition of aerial warfare would be of great strategic advantage to this country. With the development of aviation we have practically ceased to be an island; our main seaports are highly vulnerable; London is the most vulnerable of all the chief capitals; our fleet and still more our merchant marine are subject to the gravest danger from air attacks. All this indeed seems so obvious that one may doubt whether a British proposal to abolish air forces would not be a spreading of the net in the sight of the Continental bird. There have also been rumours of a plan to reduce or restrict commercial aircraft; but these, we are glad to be assured, are untrue. The progress of aviation is vital to a world that is trying to internationalise itself, and the risk of civil machines being perverted to military uses must be countered by other means than consigning them to the scrap-heap.

* * *

Signor Mussolini's amnesty will, it seems, be a big measure. It is said that between 15,000 and 20,000 persons serving sentences for ordinary crimes will be released. There was considerable doubt at the outset how far political offenders and suspects in *confino* would be affected; but that has been cleared up by the official announcement that 639 out of a total of 1,086 will regain their liberty under the decree. This is a remarkable gesture of clemency, though we regret that it does not make a clean sweep of the penal islands. Napoleon III, we remember, in the latter part of his reign indulged in a large gaol delivery of malcontents, but it did not pay him. The Duce should have better luck; with all his faults he is made of solider stuff than Napoleon, and his regime, as well as having constructive economic references to its credit, is a firmer thing than the Second French Empire—at any rate it may be assumed to have a more effective police force at its disposal. We hope, however, that this amnesty will mean less and not more policing in Italy, and will prove to be the first and not the last dose of liberal water in the wine of Fascism.

* * *

The Round Table Conference, which begins its third session next week, is opening in very inauspicious circumstances. The smaller number of delegates would not in itself be a disadvantage, and there are certain advantages in not publishing the speeches, but an examination of the personnel shows that the Conference will be far less representative than last year. The Chamber of Princes, the Congress Party, and the British Labour Party will have no recognised delegates, and the Conference will be little more than a group of States' Ministers and Indian politicians of moderate views, who are summoned to give advice about a Bill which is already in draft. The only serious discussion will probably turn upon the financial safeguards and the question of commercial discrimination, on both of which there is a considerable difference of opinion between the official India Office point of view and that of all the Indian delegates, including those representing the States, and also the European community. Unless some substantial concessions are made on these two points, it is most unlikely that any delegate will feel the least responsibility to sponsor in India any Government of India Act that may be passed next year. The refusal to nominate delegates from the Labour Party is a matter of some importance. It means a definite break in the theoretical continuity of policy, which has been a feature of the last ten years.

* * *

Has Mr. Thomas considered the significance of Professor Berriedale Keith's letter to the *Scotsman* on the Irish Free State situation? Professor Keith is a singularly hard-headed and Conservative lawyer; he is also one of the first, in the opinion of many people the very first, living authority on British constitutional law. Professor Keith's argument is this: "In its memorandum of October 15th, the British Government has appealed to the recognised practice of nations" to show that the land annuity agreements are binding. At the same time the British Government demands that the tribunal of arbitration should be exclusively inter-imperial on the ground that our relations with the Irish Free State are constitutional, not international. The contradiction is obvious. If we are relying on international practice we have no grounds for demanding a purely inter-imperial tribunal. It is obvious, says Professor Keith, that our negotiators made "a very bad mistake when they failed in 1925 to effect a final financial settlement in treaty form duly approved by the British and Free State Parliaments." Professor Keith's argument is timely because the British public has been led to suppose that Mr. De Valera's is merely absurd in asking for the right to appoint a non-member of the Commonwealth to the proposed Tribunal. Clearly he has grounds for his demand. The urgency for finding some way out of the impasse grows every day: both sides are raising their tariff walls higher and higher and, as Mr. De Valera's recent warning about the carrying of firearms shows, one immediate result of the economic pressure on the Free State is to increase the danger of a new outbreak of violence. On this specific question of the appointment of a non-Empire member to the Tribunal the British Government seems to us wrong legally and morally. If the British case on the annuities is as good as most English people think, why not accept arbitration from a competent Tribunal, whether the members are all British or not? One "foreigner" on a Tribunal can hardly destroy a water-tight argument.

* * *

The newspaper war appears to have broken out again with astonishing virulence. Competitions, designed presumably as circulation-builders, are on the increase. We wonder if the public generally realises the relation between the price of a penny paper and the chance of success in some of these thrilling gambles. The odds against placing four winners in each of two horse-races must surely be considerable. But they are negligible compared with the odds against forecasting correctly the score in each innings of a Test match. These latter odds have been calculated at about one hundred thousand million to one. It would surely be a graceful gesture if a newspaper, when putting up, say, a prize of £15,000 or £20,000, would offer at the same time some sort of indication as to the chance of its being won.

WHAT WILL ROOSEVELT MEAN?

MR. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT is only the third Democrat, since 1856, to be elected President of the United States. This fact might suggest that the party had stood for some unpopular or dangerous-sounding doctrine. But the reverse is true. For eighty years the party has stood for almost the same doctrine as the Republicans: it has not been an Opposition—merely a substitute. The old distinction between the farmer-labour coalition which demanded a low tariff and cheap money, and the opposing party which represented the business interests and demanded a high protective tariff and a "sound" monetary policy disappeared after the Civil War. The Democratic Party was left without any clear policy. It was merely a group of people who would like to be in office—a group which was distrusted, for historical reasons, by the dominant business interests. The only exception was in 1896, when Bryan induced the party to revert to its cheap money programme. On that issue it was defeated, and that is the only important issue it ever found. The two Presidents it elected were both put into office for their first term by accident, once because the Republicans, with undue cynicism, nominated a man who was known to have been dishonest, and the second time because Theodore Roosevelt started a third party of his own, thus splitting the Republican vote and electing Woodrow Wilson. And now, in 1932, a third Democrat is elected, not because of what his party stands for, but because the country has made Hoover the scapegoat for the depression. It is no wonder, therefore, that political prophets are warning the world not to expect a striking change in American policy.

What, then, does Mr. Franklin Roosevelt offer on the main problems of prohibition, the depression, and foreign affairs? With regard to prohibition, Mr. Roosevelt favours the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. This, however, is not a practical proposal for the immediate future. If the Democrats do anything about prohibition during Mr. Roosevelt's first term, it will probably be to alter the Volstead Act, redefining "intoxicating beverages" so as to permit the manufacture and sale of light wine and beer. This will be dishonest, since light wine and beer are intoxicating; but, since a small minority of the States can prevent the repeal of an amendment, evasion may be the best temporary solution to a nasty problem. At any rate, there is little reason to expect that the whiskey distillers will soon have an open market in the United States.

Mr. Roosevelt's proposals for dealing with the depression are vague. He has committed himself to the following remedies—emergency relief (whatever that proves to mean) for farmers and unemployed; the stimulation of employment by public works; the creation of labour exchanges and of a system of compulsory unemployment insurance (which is not to be permitted to become a "dole"); the regulation of the stock market, with a view to preventing speculative orgies; increased governmental supervision of public utilities.

Obviously, the important question is how much of this programme is likely to be implemented. The answer is not encouraging; for among the strongest demands that will be made upon the new Government are the demands for economy and for balancing the budget. It will not be possible to meet both, or either, of these demands while embarking on a serious programme of emergency relief and public works. It is probable that only a capital levy would enable Mr. Roosevelt to make up the budget deficit and at the same time fulfil his promises; and a capital levy is unthinkable in the United States to-day. If the new administration is to escape the unpopularity of the old, it must be through some improvement in the world situation. How far is it reasonable to expect Mr. Roosevelt to help in producing such an improvement?

The critical aspects of American foreign policy are all concerned with finance—war debts, tariffs, foreign investments and bimetallism. There is not likely to be any change in the war debt policy of the American Government. Mr. Roosevelt owes his nomination to the support of Mr. Hearst, and the Hearst papers are violent in their opposition to war debt cancellation, or even to serious downward revision. Mr. Roosevelt can win popular support for a reduction of the English debt, for there is a growing feeling that the terms made with England are unfairly onerous, as compared with the terms made with the other debtor nations. But beyond this one act of revision Mr. Roosevelt will not be able to go. If anything further is required his hand will have to be forced by the debtor nations. On the tariff question, however, the new administration expects to be helpful. It plans a downward revision of the tariff, and hopes for reciprocal agreements with other nations which will help revive foreign trade. But unless Mr. Roosevelt is a rarely forceful leader these hopes will be disappointed. The Democratic Party, since the Civil War, has never been united in favour of tariff reduction—as both Cleveland and Wilson found when they attempted to persuade Democratic Congresses to lower the tariff. Wilson was only able to get his way by constant appeals to public opinion over the head of Congress. Such appeals make a President unpopular with the legislative body, and it takes a strong man to court this unpopularity. It is to be hoped that Mr. Roosevelt is a strong man.

It is generally agreed that one of the many reasons for the stagnation of world trade is the accumulation of gold in the vaults of the United States. Since there is not the slightest chance of the Democrats lowering the tariff enough to give the United States a large unfavourable balance of trade, the only way for this gold to flow outward would be for the country to return to a policy of heavy foreign investments. And nothing, at least in the near future, is less likely. The international bankers might be glad to lend the money, even if they knew it was never coming back, simply for the effect it would have on American foreign trade. But it is not their money to lend, and the American people have been educated to believe that the bad foreign bonds in which they were induced to invest are one of the main causes of their poverty. There remains, as a possible American contribution to world-wide financial revival, the return to bimetallism. Roosevelt is known

to favour this; it is in line with the historic tendency of the Democratic Party; it is a popular programme in the rural South and among the remaining Bryan Democrats of the West. At the World Economic Conference we may expect to see America urging the remonetisation of silver; and since bimetallism provides a comparatively "safe" form of inflation and increases the purchasing power of the Far East, it offers at least one of the more arguable methods of pulling the capitalist world out of the present slump. It is certainly the chief hope for the Roosevelt administration.

In spite of the fact that there was no important issue between the two parties, there are reasons to be glad that Mr. Roosevelt was elected. In the first place, since Congress was certain to be Democratic in any case, it is good to have a President who can co-operate with, and who may even be able to lead, that erratic body. In the second place, such differences as there are between the two parties are in favour of the Democrats, who are likely to lower the tariff, and who are more friendly than the Republicans to measures dealing with unemployment and other social legislation. In the third place, the Democrats, at the moment, have a number of good men available for posts in the Cabinet—men such as Owen D. Young, Alfred Smith, John W. Davis (late Ambassador to the Court of St. James's), and Albert Ritchie, Governor of Maryland. And in the fourth place the change of administration will have, at first, a cheering effect on the American public mind. This might be useful, both in hastening the end of the depression, and even, later on, in preparing the public for new adventures in the field of international co-operation without which none of our problems are soluble.

SAVING AND SPENDING

IT is now widely recognised by economists and business men alike that there comes a time in trade depression when current money savings are not applied at once through processes of investment to the purchase and operation of new productive plant and other capital goods. The reason is that a good deal of the productive capital formerly in use is standing idle because it can no longer be operated profitably. To increase this capital by further purchases, through investment of new savings, is transparent folly. Even proposals for improved kinds of plant and materials, or the supply of capital goods for new industries, do not command the required confidence of entrepreneurs or financiers. Therefore, money savings lie idle in bank deposits or are utilised for short-credit transactions.

In dealing with this situation it is important to realise that when money savings have been made goods corresponding to these savings also have been made. For savings are a part of income, and all income consists of payments made in the shape of wages, rent, salary, interest, profit, in respect of the current production of goods and services. Part of this product represents replacement of capital, but the net income represents the creation either of new consumption goods or of new capital goods.

In the normal working of the economic system new capital goods will be produced in reasonable anticipation of their being bought and operated by the current savings through the process of investment. These capital goods will consist of new plant and materials, together with that part of consumption goods representing the real wages paid by entrepreneurs to workers for operating the new plant until its product can be marketed. This last is the surviving remnant of the once all-important "wage fund" doctrine.

In normal circumstances there will be a just equilibrium between savings and consumption. This equilibrium can, however, be disturbed by owners of money income deciding to spend a smaller proportion of their income and to save a larger proportion. The first effect of such a decision will be a falling price of consumption goods and a rising price of capital goods. The lower spent income will buy all the consumption goods at the lower price level. The higher saved income might appear to be able to buy all the new capital goods at a rising price level. But it will be apparent at once that the reduced price level of consumption goods, operating as demand through the production processes, makes it unprofitable to work the less efficient or worse-placed plant already in existence. Under such circumstances entrepreneurs will not be able to utilise for productive purposes the new plant and materials representing the latest "savings." Thus the larger money savings will not be applied to buy and operate the new real savings. The plant, etc., representing these savings, will stand idle, together with the less efficient of the plant representing earlier savings. Thus is brought about a diminished production, first of capital goods and then of consumption goods, the general depression in which our economic system lies to-day. The reduced production will not at once and automatically check the attempt to save more money income than can be utilised for productive investment. With the reduction of money incomes, and especially of profits (the chief source of saving), a smaller quantity of saving will take place, and the proportion of saving to spending will also be reduced. But uninvestable savings will still continue to be made, chiefly from the "economecs" of the well to do, now less well to do, and frightened for the future.

Most economists now recognise that recovery can only come by a reversal of the original cause of "disequilibrium," the attempt of economic society as an aggregate to save, invest and utilise for further production, a larger proportion of its income than can function as productive capital. That is to say, the hope of recovery rests upon more spending and less saving. They say "wise spending." By this they mean two things: first, that spending shall go predominantly into employment of labour; secondly, that it shall go to buy necessaries, not luxuries. But how is more spending to be brought about? It is manifestly futile to appeal to private citizens to spend more freely their shrunken incomes on the plea that if a sufficient number of them take this course trade will recover, employment will be larger, prices rise, and incomes increase. The personal motives which induce economy and saving under circumstances of depression will not yield to such appeals for a collective policy. Such a policy can only be carried out by public action. But proposals for increased public spending at such a time as this arouse a panic among short-sighted politicians and economists. They seem to involve increased taxation at a time when the limit of taxation is already reached or even exceeded. They seem to propose to hand over to public bodies for wasteful expenditure upon non-productive goods and services money which, left to the tax- and ratepayers to spend themselves, would give more employment and be more usefully employed. Such are the charges. What is the reply? The money which it is proposed that public bodies should borrow and apply in productive work is the uninvested savings. The question whether public or private business is more economically conducted does not, therefore, here arise. For the savings and the idle plant which it might furnish and operate are affording no employment and producing no wealth. The proposal is that the public shall utilise this idle money and plant for producing such goods and services as cannot be produced for private profit. It will be asked, "How will the interest charge on this borrowed money be met? Must it not involve a fresh burden of taxation?" The answer is, I think, "more taxation, but not

an increased burden." For the object and effect of this public expenditure will be to put into the pockets of an increased number of employed workers a larger spending power, which, as soon as it operates, will raise the price level of consumption goods, thus stimulating employment, production, and aggregate money incomes along the whole line of industry and commerce. It is, of course, true that a considerable portion of this public expenditure will go as interest and profit into the hands of entrepreneurs. But this will incite them not only to employ hitherto idle plant in their possession, but to issue orders for new plant, thus increasing employment in the industries where unemployment is greatest. The result of this stimulus to production and employment, both directly in public and indirectly in private enterprise, will be a rise in the aggregate volume of production and in the price level. Thus, with an enlargement of money income and a rise in the prices of an increased volume of goods, the yield from direct and indirect taxation will expand. The public cost of this policy will be defrayed out of the greater public revenue proceeding from this policy, and will not impose a greater burden on the taxpayer.

This analysis answers by implication the irrelevant question as to the better use of spending power by private income owners compared with public bodies. For the income with which we are here concerned is not better spent. It is not spent at all, either upon consumption goods or on capital goods. It is hoarded and represents waste. It cannot be utilised under private capitalism because in the circumstances of depression it cannot earn profit. It can be utilised by public enterprise because, thus utilised, it is not required to earn a specific profit. And yet, as we see, the indirect and general "profit" to the community is great, even from the standpoint of the needs of the Exchequer, to say nothing of the contribution towards employment and trade recovery which comes from a policy designed to restore a right equilibrium between spending and saving. Since in every general trade depression this fund of uninvestable money savings must come into existence, a public policy which utilised the idle plant and labour corresponding to these idle savings in housing, slum clearance, and other public services would, if it were put into operation early enough and boldly enough, absorb the unemployed capital and labour partly in public employment, partly in the stimulation of private industry. Even if this public utilisation of otherwise waste productive resources carried more waste than would happen under private enterprise, this policy must add considerably to the national output and the volume of employment of capital and labour.

J. A. HOBSON.

A LONDON DIARY

SINCE so few lawyers nowadays seem interested in questions of individual liberty, the layman must put the point as well as he can. By what authority did the police search, and carry away papers from, the hunger marchers' headquarters the other day? The special D.O.R.A. regulations on this subject have, I believe, been wholly repealed. Therefore Lord Mansfield's famous judgment in the Wilkes case, in which "general warrants" were pronounced illegal, surely remains valid? A warrant to search for a particular document is, of course, legal, but such a warrant (even if there was one) cannot cover this case, in which the police made a general search and carried away several cwts. of documents. If there was no warrant at all, the police action seems still more indefensible. Again, to petition the King is one of the oldest rights of the British subject; it appears, as every schoolboy knows, in the Bill of Rights. Now on what grounds or by what authority did the police confiscate the hunger-marchers' petition from a station cloak-room? Does not this amount to a repeal of the Bill of Rights by executive order? And, incidentally, does not a legal action lie against the railway company which surrendered the petition? I hope some competent lawyer will explain on behalf of the Crown.

* * *

I am frightened by the results of the Municipal elections. Instead of being the Conservative success announced in most of the newspapers they represent a Labour advance of a really startling kind. I am frightened because they suggest a swing of the pendulum which may give Labour a majority long before it is ready to make good use of it. I can imagine few worse disasters than another Labour Government of the kind we had in power from 1929-31. Any progress in this country seems to me to depend on building a Socialist Party which knows what it means and is prepared to act on its knowledge. And although I believe that it is developing, it cannot be born in a minute full-grown and armed like Athene from the head of Zeus.

* * *

The statement that the elections showed only a trifling Labour advance was due, no doubt, not to malice but to ignorance and lack of thought. The full results of the municipal polls are not known for months, and most newspapers were content with a hasty calculation which compares 1929 polls with those of 1931, on the basis of the eighty-four select boroughs where the results were immediately collected. I have now in front of me an analysis of 286 Councils out of the total of 340. In these 286 the Labour gains over 1929 (when the same seats were last fought) amounts to twenty-three—a small figure, but a remarkable one when we remember that it represents an advance in seats which were won in a year when Labour did extraordinarily well. Labour could have lost a number of 1929 seats and still felt that it had improved on last year's position. A comparison with 1931, when Labour did extraordinarily badly, of course, makes the results more spectacular. In the eighty-four boroughs selected for immediate publicity, Labour had only 149 successful candidates a year ago; this year, out of 869 successful candidates, 458 were Labour. This means that in the same wards—for the 1931 candidates are elected by exactly the same people as the 1929 and 1932 candidates—there were actually 309 Labour gains in comparison with last year's voting. In Birmingham, for instance, Labour was wiped out last year. All the twenty-four Labour candidates were defeated. This year thirteen out of the twenty-five Labour candidates were returned, and a Labour poll of 45,000 (1931) jumped to 71,100 (1932), while the total anti-Labour poll of 165,000 (1931) went down to 70,800. I doubt if so violent a change of opinion in the course of a year has occurred before in local politics, and I am frightened lest the Labour politicians should be fascinated by the swing of the pendulum in their direction instead of making up their minds about—what shall I say?—monetary policy. Another Labour Government without a policy would be the end of the Labour Party and the making of the Communist Party.

* * *

"A dog biting a man is not news; a man biting a dog is"—so runs the accepted rule. To-day it sometimes seems as if there were a new rule: "A man writing about what he has studied is not good copy; a man writing about what he has not studied is." So we are treated to instruction about novels by politicians, about politics by novelists, about acting by clergymen, and about theology by actresses. It is presumably his successful career as a popular journalist which has given Dr. Inge the habit of talking about the visual arts. In a lecture which he delivered last Sunday in Lincoln's Inn Chapel he made one more attack on what he calls "the deliberate ugliness of much modernist sculpture and painting," declaring that "the whole movement was absurd, or would be if it were not connected with the horrors of Bolshevist materialism." If Mr. James Douglas wrote this I should feel no desire to protest, but such lan-

guage is unworthy of a scholar. If the Dean of St. Paul's had devoted six hours to the serious study of what he calls modernist art he would know that it is a reaction against Greco-Roman and post-Renaissance realism, and is largely inspired by the religious art of Byzantium and the Mediaeval West. That is to say it is exactly the reverse of "materialist" Soviet art, which has usually the realistic qualities admired by the Royal Academy. Dr. Inge dislikes both modern art and Bolshevism, but it is intellectually disreputable to confuse them.

* * *

Some weeks ago I called attention to the fact that the advertisements of a private armament firm were appearing in the German press in spite of the fact that Germany is forbidden by the Treaty of Versailles to possess the weapons advertised. The question is being raised in the House of Commons this week, and I congratulate the *Daily Express*, which has written up the subject in an effective way, on the discovery that there is "news value" in the traffic in arms.

* * *

I understand that Mr. Middleton Murry takes strong exception to my last week's remarks about *Savage Pilgrimage*, and that he is sending a letter explaining his position in the matter for publication in next week's issue of this paper.

* * *

From the *Times* leading article on the decision to make December 27th a Bank Holiday:

> Nor need there be the slightest fear that in this year's exceptional conditions the additional day of leisure will lead to any slackening in the moral fibre of the nation or of its capacity for work.

* * *

> We should humbly return strictly to obeying one of the immutable laws of God—the law of supply and demand.—Rev. Sir Montague Fowler, Bt., J.P., in the *Daily Express*.

How does one disobey an immutable law of God? But there are some fallacies which never die.

* * *

Resolution agreed to after three days' debate in the House of Commons:

> That this House views with concern the present volume of unemployment and *will welcome all proper measures* (our italics) to deal with it.

* * *

> If in the twentieth century we are some of us too proud to be grateful to God, we can all of us be grateful to Margot and Henry Asquith. . . .—*New English Weekly*.

* * *

From a L. & N. E. R. announcement:

> Certain trains are divided en route and the restaurant car is then only available to the portion to which it is attached. CRITIC.

EXIT PAPEN?

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT RECENTLY IN BERLIN.)

EVENTS crowding into the first few days of November gave the Reichstag election last Sunday an unexpected interest. On the whole, electoral tendencies are now clearer than on July 31st, although the newly returned Reichstag may be as bad a legislature as its predecessor. The election provides some answer to the question "Has Papen made good since Brüning's overthrow?" upon which depends the direction of the German Cabinet in the immediate future.

Nearly eighty per cent. of the electors went to the polls; although this is a decrease of about 5 per cent. as compared with July, it is impossible to assert that the German public show signs of political boredom. The Hugenberg press is crowing over the destruction of the "black-brown" (Catholic-Nazi) majority, and the Government notes with commendation the increase of votes cast for the two parties which support it: Nationalists from 2,177,414 to 3,061,626, and German People's Party from 436,014 to 659,703. But the "black-brown" coalition never materialised, and the Nationalists and People's Party together polled only ten per cent. of votes registered. Since the Nazis have become Papen's bitterest enemies, and Catholic hostility is unabated, one can definitely pronounce that very nearly ninety per cent. of Sunday's votes were anti-Papen. Even in his own political circle Papen has never been wholly approved, for he lacks two indispensable virtues—he is neither Prussian nor Protestant. His economic plan had intellectual merit, and the authoritarian boast in general had added to the Chancellor's prestige in September. Since then—and November 6th provides no real respite—one has heard persistent rumours of his feet slipping, for the plan has encountered two immense obstacles—the strike weapon and the quota question.

It is difficult for people in England to understand the potential bitterness of the class struggle in Germany, because they are happily unfamiliar with a military tradition which regards the workers as private soldiers, and strikes as mutiny; some sixty years ago the industrial system was in a manner superimposed upon the German military system. That is why the present rulers of Germany think they can destroy Socialism by remilitarising the country through physical training, labour conscription, and the rest. The outstanding feature of Sunday's election is, of course, that these rulers are making German Socialism militant. The German Communist Party was apparently disintegrating last spring, after the period of Catholic-Socialist coalition government which had dulled the hatred between Capital and Labour. Already, in July, the Communists had picked up tremendously, and they have gained 700,000 votes now in spite of the lower poll. They are really dragging the Nazis after them, as the various Nazi-Communist strikes against wage-reduction have shown—none more clearly than the Berlin traffic strike at the time of the election. They have been for some time the strongest party in the capital, but it is remarkable that whereas the Berlin percentages on July 31st were Nazis 24.6, Social Democrats 27.9, and Communists 33.4, on November 6th they became Nazis 22.5, Social Democrats 23.8, and Communists 37.9. It has become true to say that Berlin is a Communist city garrisoned by a provincial police force. In East Düsseldorf the Communists came out top for the first time on Sunday. It will be interesting to see whether political persecution will continue to raise the Communist vote, and it is important to observe that, since the Nazis have now parted company with the industrialists, nearly seventy-five per cent. of the Germans have registered an anti-capitalist vote, apart from workers who vote Catholic.

Strikes have impeded the success of Papen's plan from below, but it has foundered upon another rock—the divergence between the interests of industry and agriculture. Before Germany had captured world markets on an appreciable scale it was possible for Bismarck, by the tariff of 1879, to gain the support of both great interests. But now the industrialists cannot employ more hands, and view with equanimity the loss of their foreign markets through the further protection of agriculture, and it is useless for Papen to air his ambition to emulate the achievements of his much-quoted "great predecessor."

Hindenburg and this Cabinet of his are sentimentally drawn towards the landed interest; big owners and peasant proprietors represent, they feel, the very essence of German virtue. But Warmbold, the Minister of Economic Affairs (he is associated with the great "I.G. Farben-Industrie"), Krosigk, the unfortunate Finance Minister, and the Foreign Minister, Neurath, point out the humiliation and hardship involved in the loss of Germany's industrial leadership. The economic plan virtually subsidised industry; to balance this a quota system was promised to the Minister of Agriculture. But the attempt to negotiate on this basis by German *ad hoc* missions to foreign capitals has failed, while the Ottawa agreements pointed to a German effort to snap up newly available markets in Holland and Scandinavia. Three

days before the election Ministers were still unable to agree about quotas; the "presidial" Government not only wavered, it very nearly split.

The Nazis have lost two million votes, not very much more than their bourgeois-industrialist superstratum, whose uneasiness should have become chronic with the July programme and its tremendous emphasis upon the Right to Work and other Socialistic tenets. The seceders have taken their money bags with them, but the Nazis still have 4½ million more voters than any other party. The Government split to some extent keeps Hitlerism going, for the Nazis are strong on national self-sufficiency, and insist that all available capital should be invested in land, not industry.

The Catholic fall-off (only very slight it is true) has interest in relation to the Federal question. The judgment of the Leipzig Court, whom no one could suspect of leftward tendencies, implied condemnation of the Chancellor's arbitrary centralism. This encouraged the Bavarian Premier, Held, to make some very obstinate declarations which seem to have done his party no good. Prussia itself has responded to Papen's recent suppression of its autonomy by voting Communist; the Communist poll of about 2,800,000 on April 24th has now risen to about 3,900,000 in Prussia.

With every disadvantage the Social Democrats have still managed to poll 20.7 per cent. of the votes cast, as against 21.5 per cent. in July, and one is driven once again to admire the stability of the German Trade Union organisation in view of the Nazi and Communist "cells" which work to undermine the law-abiding attitude of the official leaders. Although the Communists and the Socialists are at daggers drawn, they are both doctrinally Marxian, and it is worth noting that the combined Marxian vote has, therefore, risen from about 36 per cent. in July to 37.7 per cent. now. It is a strange fact that some 35 per cent. of the electors of Germany have been voting Marxian in every election since the beginning of this century, and some 15 per cent. Catholic; last Sunday provides the same thing again. This striking, almost dogged, constancy in the German electorate, despite war, revolution, inflation, and slump, is not merely impressive, but contradicts a popular view that Germans are Imperialists in one decade, Socialists in the next, and Fascists in the next. How much the present resembles the pre-war regime is well illustrated by remembering that in December, 1913, Ministers were defeated by 293 to 54 (in a house of 397) on the Zabern affair.

Can Ministers to-day continue to ignore the Reichstag as the Ministers of 1913 attempted to do? The Bourse is strikingly firm, but the success of Papen's attempt to bring back prosperity by decree is obscure; prices do not seem to obey the soldierly command. The Chancellor has himself admitted that this is the last chance for the entrepreneur, after this there will be nothing for it but some kind of Socialism. But apart from the economic outlook, there is a general move in favour of a Cabinet on a broader basis and under a different leader, and the President is said to be paying attention to this. The *Berliner Börsen-Zeitung*—in close touch with Schleicher—is ordering the party leaders to do their duty in co-operating with the Government; the semi-official *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* is urging the same course, and the Reichsbank President is said to be pressing for this. The broader basis would mean the inclusion of both Nazis and Catholics. Their leaders are still making intransigent declarations, but Gregor Strasser, the Nazi whose inclusion in the Cabinet is contemplated, took care to be cautious about the currency in his recent speech at Hamburg. The fact is that if the "black-brown" majority has been destroyed the Centre Party still holds its historic key position, for a Right coalition with the Nazis cannot command a majority without it. The Catholics will try to allow no real distortion of the Weimar constitution; the Government, therefore, may have to choose between a return to constitutionalism or a more admitted dictatorship.

THE GAOLBIRD

LOOKING through *Curiosities of Literature* for something else, I was held up, as every reader of the book is, by a score of passages other than the object of my search. One of the passages which I paused to read was that which tells how Grotius made use of his two years' imprisonment in philosophic and literary pursuits. "Other men condemned to exile and captivity," comments Disraeli, referring to the various works written by Grotius in gaol, "if they survive, despair; the man of letters may reckon those days as the sweetest of his life."

Though I knew that literature owed a considerable debt to the gaol—Cervantes and Bunyan are only two among many inspired gaolbirds—and though I have a friend who, on emerging from gaol, assured me that one could be perfectly happy there so long as one was kept in solitary confinement, I have always had a horror of being locked up in a cell. I used a hear that people who went to gaol for political reasons enjoyed the thing immensely, and have heard some of them referred to as "feather-bed martyrs," but even in order to be a hero I could not have endured that gloomy seclusion from the life of my fellows. There was a brief space in my youth when I wished to retire into temporary hermitage, but I had chosen a very pleasant hill-top as the scene of my hermitage, and no one but myself would have had the right to turn the key in the door. And, besides, I cannot have had any very profound wish even to become a hermit, since I never became one.

I am not sure, however, that, as life becomes more and more complicated, as the noisy amenities of civilisation spread farther and farther into the country, there will not be some reason for looking longingly to a year's imprisonment as a means of obtaining freedom. I know a man who believes that it would be worth going to prison if only to escape from the telephone. I doubt if there is anything on earth more distracting than the sound of the telephone-bell. People used to complain of the din of street-cries, and most of them have now vanished. But street-cries were at least human. I have no sense of grievance when hawkers sing the virtues of lavender in the street. I like the sound of a husky voice shouting about coal. Not for many years have I heard the cry of the cockle-seller, but I would not complain of it if it returned. Even street-singers and cornet-players do not distress me if they go away in time. Besides, none of these things is a personal summons upon one's attention. The lavender-seller wails into the vacant air, and it is for oneself to decide whether one will answer. The telephone-bell, however, is peremptory. You cannot choose whether you will answer it or not except at the cost of listening to its damnable iterations. It seeks you out in the privacy of your home and, if you attend to it, you find yourself addressed by your name and, as often as not, commanded to hold on till somebody is ready to speak to you. You may be in the middle of an ode to the new moon, and have just got on the very crest of the wave of inspiration as far as "Dian's chair," when you find yourself bidden like a slave to a compulsory conversation which levels the earth to the flattest of prose. Kings would not interrupt their subjects in the middle of their work as the telephone interrupts nearly all of us. Even the Poet Laureate's most intimate friends would not push into his presence during his working hours. Yet a complete stranger will force himself upon you at any hour he pleases with the aid of the telephone-bell.

It may be said that there is no need to answer it and that a servant is there to protect you from interruption. In a small house, however, it is as impossible not to be disturbed by the telephone-bell as it is to take no notice of a wasp flying about the room. At the first shrill note the mind is distracted: it begins to speculate on who is ringing.

If the servant answers and brings you no message, you feel tempted to go out of the room and ask her who rang up. Not to answer a telephone-call is like not opening a letter. There is always just a chance that it may be something interesting. It never is, but you dare not take the risk. In gaol you would be saved from all such torture of temptation. You would be left to write your ode to the new moon in daylong peace, with few interruptions but your dietetically perfect meals.

If you wanted to write the *History of European Thoughtlessness* in twenty volumes, I am sure you would have a better chance of finishing it in prison nowadays than as a free citizen. The prisoner has his own troubles, but he can escape the worst of them through resignation and philosophy. For the free citizen there is no escape from his troubles. He, unlike the prisoner, has to make ends meet—a feat for a juggler or genius in these days, in which there is plenty of money in the world but nobody happens to have any. It would be almost worth going to gaol to avoid filling up one's income-tax form. And I do not suppose that demands for income-tax are served upon honest men in gaol. Nor, while you are in gaol, do the problems of how to provide yourself with food, clothing and shelter press upon you. When I think of life outside a gaol, life inside a gaol sometimes seems to me like being kept in a hotel at an unknown friend's expense. I am not saying that the prison system is perfect, but I do contend that the out-of-prison system is becoming more and more unbearable.

The regularity of habits in gaol is another thing that attracts me to prison-life. The early hours in the morning, the necessity of rising at the same hour, appeal to my love of discipline—a love of discipline which I shall never be able to put into effect till I am under the inspiring tutelage of a turnkey. Early to bed and early to rise—one could achieve that at length in a cell. Then I have always wished to live a simple life—plain food and water from the spring. I should at least be given a chance of being a philosopher in prison. Tobacco—how good to renounce its slavery! I should emerge from prison a free man in that respect. Confinement would also free me from that terrible tendency to read books because other people are reading them, to see plays because other people are seeing them, to hear music because other people are hearing it—the most wasteful of all occupations. Nor would the troubles of the world weigh upon me. As a free citizen, I sometimes feel quite anxious—about England, Ireland, Germany, Yugo-Slavia, India, America, and all sorts of places. In gaol I should no longer feel partly responsible for the outside world or long to write to the Editor of the *Times* about it. I should not mind what Mr. J. H. Thomas said or what Herr Hitler did. I should feel remote from it all and, like Grotius, get on with my work.

How pleasant, too, not to be under the daily necessity of being propelled about the surface of the earth in trams, buses, taxis and motor cars! All this useless scurrying to work, to pleasure, and home again would give way to a placid existence, resembling the life of a Roman philosopher rather than the perpetual insect-dance of the civilised man to-day. From pleasure alone who is there who has not longed for a holiday? If only one could be imprisoned in a cottage with a pleasant view of a lawn from the window, trees and a sufficient variety of birds and flowers, there are moods in which I should willingly become a prisoner to-morrow.

I should stipulate, I think, for a year's imprisonment; and I should demand to be cut off entirely from news of the outside world. I should live as though in another century, and forget the world so completely that, on my release, I could look on it with an entirely fresh eye. Would it seem to me, as the slums of London seemed to homesick Ortheris, an inconceivably delightful place, populated by a race of men engaged in struggles as gloriously enthralling as those of footballers—genial, courageous, and wiser than I had remembered? Or would it seem like a rather quarrelsome lunatic asylum full of unteachables and untouchables and all kinds of irresponsible figures? It is possible that a year's imprisonment, even in a charming cottage, might make the normal life of the outside world seem relatively sane and even enjoyable. The very telephone-bell might become the music of liberty, ravishing as the song of a lark. But till I have been in gaol I shall never believe this. And, despite the fine example of Grotius, I do not quite like the notion of going to gaol.

Y. Y.

SO NOW WE KNOW

It was on the Navy and not on paper pacts that the peace and security of the whole Empire would be established.—Mr. Amery at Navy League dinner.

IN all disputes on armaments and pacts
I love to get right down to bed-rock facts;
And Mr. Amery, I'm glad to note,
Does just the same (as in the words I quote).
How plain, amidst the loud post-prandial cheer,
He makes the fundamental truths appear!
What need of pacts, declaring wars shall cease,
So long as Britain's Navy keeps the peace—
A peace secure, unbroken, and serene
(Just as in nineteen hundred and fourteen)?
What need of Leagues, so long as other Powers
Maintain an Air Force twice the size of ours?
(For I presume the argument applies
To all armed forces of sufficient size.)
How clear his logic!—Since, *if* war breaks out,
A fleet's a handy thing to have about.
Therefore (that's how his cogent reasoning went),
No scheme for *stopping* wars is worth a cent.
Cruisers are needed to protect our trade,
Which other fleets might harass or blockade—
Hence they will be more necessary still!
If no one has the power to work us ill.
While the White Ensign floats upon the breeze,
Not only shall we rule the Seven Seas,
But war shall pass us by without a taste
Of human or of economic waste.
Gladly I swell the loud post-prandial cheer,
For *that's* the sort of stuff I like to hear,
Which, in discussing armaments and pacts
Gets down to fundamental bed-rock facts.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

THE NEXT LABOUR GOVERNMENT

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The closing paragraph of Mr. Cole's letter, published in your issue of October 22nd, reveals an attitude of mind that should be challenged, and makes an assertion of fact that should be corrected. He regards the possibility of a Liberal-Labour Government as almost the worst disaster he can imagine. "It would be merely MacDonaldism over again—the vain repetition of a proven failure." Is this true? Neither in 1924 nor in 1929 did we have a Liberal-Labour Government. The refusal of Labour openly to co-operate with any other party is a proven failure. We do not know what a coalition of Labour and Liberal elements might effect, because Labour has not been willing to try it.

The only justification for refusing to co-operate would be a difference of principle that would stultify joint effort. Obviously, out-and-out individualists and out-and-out Communists cannot work together, but no intelligent person should be either the one or the other. As Graham Wallas used to say, many of the conflicts between individualists and Socialists would be resolved if we asked, how much individualism do you want, and how

much Socialism do you want? According to Mr. Cole himself, the real choice lies between individualism modified by collectivism and collectivism modified by individualism. This may be regarded, if you like, as a difference of principle, but it is not a difference of principle which prevents joint action. Liberal-minded men who value, in Mr. Cole's judgment, the element of individualism too highly, but who recognise the need for some element of social control and guidance, might agree with Mr. Cole as to the next steps in socialisation that are immediately desirable or even necessary.

The reasons, then, for Mr. Cole's attitude and for the corresponding attitude of the Labour Party in refusing to work with Liberal-minded non-Socialist persons must be psychological. Either they are under the influence of Marxist class-psychology, or they entertain a Pharisaic contempt for such of their fellow-citizens as are not out-and-out Socialists; or else they suffer from an inferiority-complex which makes them doubt whether Labour politicians could hold their own in a coalition with more experienced Liberal politicians; or else they lack that elementary political wisdom which makes one willing to do the best one can in existing circumstances instead of sulking because circumstances do not permit one to do what one would like. None of these are worthy reasons. In any case, both in 1924 and in 1929, Labour sacrificed the true welfare of the nation and of mankind to a narrow party-outlook by refusing to form a Liberal-Labour Government. It is not unlikely that after another election Labour will find itself in the same position again. Will they make the same refusal? H. G. WOOD.

Woodbrooke Settlement,
Selly Oak, nr. Birmingham.

LABOUR AND THE BANKS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Knowing your zeal for brevity, I will not reply to all Mr. Cole's debating points, but will deal only with the essentials.

(1) If nationalising the joint stock banks is "one essential element in a Socialist policy of organised planning," Heaven help the Socialist Party! The joint stock banks, as they exist to-day, would find no place in a sane Socialist plan. We want, as a "Left Wing Banker" said in his letter of October 29th, "a new technique of banking." Had the Leicester Conference done any thinking on this question at all?

(2) Says Mr. Cole: "An incoming Socialist Government . . . would need directly to control those (basic industries) which it did not at once socialise by controlling, *inter alia*, the supply of credit available for their use." Is this really Mr. Cole's reason for nationalising the joint stock banks? If so, he is surely confusing supply with distribution of credit. The Central Bank controls the supply. The immediate strategy of the Socialist Party should be directed towards nationalising the Bank of England, in order to control the supply of credit, creating new financial agencies for the distribution of credit, such as an Industrial Finance Corporation and an Agricultural Bank under State control.

(3) Heavens! Mr. Cole still apparently believes that you can regulate the price level by just regulating the total volume of credit. I wish it were so simple.

(4) The "strategical requirements of a short-term Socialist policy" certainly do *not* demand nationalising institutions, the function of which would be entirely changed, if not abolished, in a Socialist plan.

(5) The Bank of England is surely not an agency of private enterprise. Ask the shareholders! Mr. Cole should re-read the Macmillan report.

(6), (7) and (8) are debating points. I notice that Mr. Cole's idea of staving off a crisis is by taking the joint stock banks "firmly by the scruff of the neck." Personally, I would sooner give them an anaesthetic and quietly remove their teeth.

E. H. DAVENPORT.

POLICE AND UNEMPLOYED

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I read with disgust in your last issue a letter from Mr. James L. Grant, which can only be regarded as a despicable attack on some members of that kindly body, the British Police Force. It may interest him to learn that our Police Force is one of the few which do not carry firearms as a normal part of equipment. If he had seen the lorries, full of police armed with rifles, which usually accompany political processions in Germany, or had watched mounted members of the Guardia Civil, armed almost literally to the teeth, patrolling the streets of Bilbao or Barcelona, perhaps he would have been less keen to find fault at home. The events of the last two days in Berlin show what serious consequences can follow on public demonstrations against the peace which are not firmly quelled at the earliest opportunity.

Not all the points in your correspondent's letter are very lucid—I am at a loss to understand, for instance, why the unemployed, if they wished to throw trees at the police, should have bothered to strip these trees of their branches—but it seems clear that the crowds booing the police were acting in such a way as to make more difficult for them the execution of their duty, and therefore were only rightly dispersed.

The tone of the letter was one which a person so prominent in the public service as Mr. Grant's friend, the General Secretary of the No More War Movement, should be the first to deprecate.

Trinity Hall, Cambridge. K. O. BURT.

D.O.R.A.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In view of the odd display of personal abuse combined with suggestions of bribery and corruption which the D.O.R.A. Force pamphlet evoked from yourself, Mr. A. G. Gardiner and other defenders of restrictive legislation, it is a relief to learn that "we" have, at last, begun "to think about the whole complicated question." Argument can only be met effectively by argument; and the case against the Shops Act is not dismissed by cheap sneers about Mr. Goldring's liberty to purchase, after hours, articles which, had he been less selfish and lazy, he could easily have bought at the proper time. "Litterateurs," as it happens, share the privileges of the idle rich in being able to shop when they please. Except on the rare occasions when my fuses blow out and I am unable to buy candles from a man who would like to sell them, the Shops Act affects me, personally, very little. On the other hand it does affect, with the severity of persecution, the hardest-working sections of the community and the small one-man or one-woman businesses which have been accustomed to supply their needs. The competition of the big Food Trusts and chain Supply Stores, which are certainly not opposed to the Shops Act, have driven thousands of small "high-class" retailers out of business. But the little "low-class" shop-keeper could still make a living if he were free to sell, after the Stores have closed, the necessaries of life to those who cannot obtain them earlier. Thousands of poor charwomen, office-cleaners and similar workers are on the move from early in the morning until late at night, earning the few shillings required for their food. Under present conditions the small shop-keeper must either refuse to serve them or risk a prosecution. No wonder Police Court magistrates, who understand working class conditions, denounce the law they have to administer.

As regards the other aspects of D.O.R.A., particularly those relating to drinks and Sundays, the revolt against recent legislation is merely a continuance of the age-old conflict as to the moral principles on which measures for regulating social conduct ought to be based. In the nineteenth century the principle of liberty of conscience triumphed over that of compulsion, with the result that "English liberty" became justly famous throughout the world. In his admirable pamphlet "For Liberty," published in 1885, the late Auberon Herbert quotes freely from Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Emerson and other weighty writers who appear to have given the matter some attention. You state in your article that "the anti-Dora movement originated with persons who had not thought the matter out with any thoroughness." The Mayor of Deal recently secured some useful publicity for a "movement" which has been going on ever since the obnoxious laws came into force. It did not occur to me that anyone, except His Worship, imagined that he had "originated" anything. (I assume from the context that you are referring to the Mayor.)

May I add that I am entirely with you as regards "the need for a serious campaign for freedom"? I am the more surprised, if you really hold this view, that you should think it necessary to make a personal attack on and attribute interested motives to, writers who, like myself, have devoted unpaid time and energy to furthering the campaign which you now say is desirable. DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

[We have said nothing whatever to justify Mr. Goldring's remarks about "personal abuse," "interested motives" or "bribery and corruption."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

MEDICAL ETIQUETTE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Our "rules of professional etiquette" don't need revision; but here and there a doctor should have his head well smacked! Critic's friend's luck was out. He happened to bump up against a peculiarly stupid sort of doctor—that's all. In ordinary practice A.B.'s doctor would have rung up Miss C's doctor, and all would have been well.

Medical etiquette amounts to no more than ordinary good manners. The rules were laid down by Hippocrates some hundreds of years B.C.; and they were restated at Salerno in the 13th century.

It is a pity the mediaeval custom of requiring every young graduate to take the Oath has fallen into disuse; for here and there some bumptious ass does forget his obligations—owing, no doubt, to ignorance. But only a relatively few of us are like that.

> I will use all ways of medical treatment that shall be for the advantage of the sufferers, according to my power and judgment, and will protect them from injury and injustice.

That is how Hippocrates put it. I submit that it is a complete answer to Critic—*provided we heed.* FRANK G. LAYTON.

Walsall.

MR. CHURCHILL'S BELLIGERENCE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—On November 10 in the House of Commons Mr. Winston Churchill is to speak in favour of the Die-hard motion against Disarmament.

His constituents in the Epping Division are puzzled to know how he reconciles this attitude with the office that he holds of Vice-President of the Woodford Branch of the League of Nations Union. BERNARD CAKEBREAD.

Brendon, Churchfields,
Woodford, E.18.
9th November, 1932.

GEORGE CANNING

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Harold Nicolson expressed Victorian alarm at my criticism of Canning. He is justified; for I do mean that Canning was a pernicious influence in our diplomatic history. I am therefore grateful when Prof. Harold Temperley writes to you proving so clearly that I had even understated my case. I had only ventured to criticise Canning's contemporary disasters over the Monroe Doctrine and his blatant commercialism. Now Prof. Temperley gives a detailed series of evidence that he continued to control our foreign affairs long after his death. These instances very naturally interest Prof. Temperley, who is one of the greatest experts in the history of diplomatic technique, just as a painter is interested in the technique of brush-work. But the man of the world will dismiss them as comparatively trivial matters. It would not be difficult to show that they are not as important (or even as successful) as they seem at the first glance. But Prof. Temperley himself reduces them to insignificance when he sums up his case: "Thus, up till 1914 the lines of British policy which he laid down were substantially unchanged."

It would never have occurred to me to defend the reputation of a great foreign minister by showing that all his clever diplomacy had ended in the colossal catastrophe of 1914. It was very stupid of me not to hold Canning responsible for the Great War as well as the Monroe Doctrine. From such an authority as Prof. Temperley the charge is damning. But surely this is rather like proving the skill of a great doctor by showing how his new hygiene ended in a Black Death.

Because Canning's methods still dominated the Foreign Office which allowed us to muddle into the Great War, Prof. Temperley wants us to place still more wreaths on his tombstone. Of course, England may have been powerless to prevent that international foolery. But men like Canning represented (probably unconsciously) the minds of the plutocrats, who were the essential cause of the Great War. One object of my *Modern History of England* was to distinguish fact from sentimentality; and Prof. Temperley (surely with subtly concealed irony) has driven home the distinction in the case of Canning. I thank him.

May I add that your reviewer had no right to suggest that I will not respect Prof. Temperley's opinion? All judgments of Canning (like my own) must now be based on this historian's invaluable researches. G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

1 Pump Court.

COATS OF ARMS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In a recent issue you published a letter from Mr. Eric Gill in which he gave several very good reasons for not having done the *Times* coat of arms. In this letter, however, although he says he "doesn't want to be a prig, even in the cause of reason," he avers that "the display of a coat of arms (or even a crest) to-day proclaims a romantic or a snob."

Well, sir, I think that people who make assertions of this kind *always* fall into one of two categories: 1. Those who do not possess a coat of arms. 2. Those who do possess a coat, but (of course, subconsciously) feel themselves unworthy of it. And surely for those who have no arms or titles to dictate to those who have such, as to whether or not they may use them, is hardly in the best of taste. Nevertheless, to-day there is a decided tendency of this sort, due entirely to an (unconscious) fear on the part of those who, feeling they have no part in Europe's magnificent past, wish to destroy it. They know in their hearts that William the Conqueror, Richard II, Henry VIII, Elizabeth, are not dead, and they hate to acknowledge their just debt (namely all they possess) to those great monarchs and their heirs.

It is no more possible to destroy the consciousness of the world than it is to destroy common matter; and every man alive to-day, even Mr. Eric Gill, is under the influence of, say, Julius Caesar and the divine Nero. This is so obvious that it should not be necessary to point it out.

Let me end by saying that there are some of us who hope in despite of what is momentarily the ascendant school, to make our coats of arms as dreaded by our foes as they once were, and as loved by our friends. POTOCKI OF MONTALK.

Cootes, Thakeham,
Pulborough, Sussex.

[We regret that we are unable to reproduce the coronet embossed at the head of this letter.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

ANONYMITY IN ART

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Apropos of Mr. W. J. Turner's story of how Mr. Schnabel had once said he could find no difference between the music of Beethoven, Mozart and Schubert; and of his own subsequent impression at the first of Mr. Schnabel's Beethoven concerts that he had quite lost the feeling that they were even Beethoven's, the following analogous anecdote is not, to my seeming, inapt.

Mr. Thomas Earp, your Art Critic, once said of the sculpture of Mr. Frank Dobson at Hay's Wharf that it contained the same quality and anonymity, individuality sunk in conception, as an old cathedral porch. Mr. Dobson told me he valued that piece of criticism more than any he had ever received. I always treasured that appreciation coming as it did from one of the most independent, sincere and proud of our younger artists, and cannot now avoid the pleasure of repeating it. ANTHONY CROSSLEY.

House of Commons.

LOWES DICKINSON

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am collecting material for a short memoir of the late G. Lowes Dickinson, and I shall be much obliged for the loan of any letters from him which his correspondents may be good enough to entrust to me. They will be carefully copied and returned. E. M. FORSTER.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

[A letter from Dr. Ernest Jones, which was addressed to one of our correspondents, and which we had not realised was not meant for publication was edited and printed in last week's issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Dr. Jones asks us to say that it was published without his intention or authorisation, and we regret any inconvenience he may have been caused.]

Miscellany

MORE DREAMS

MY dreams now come to me more and more often in a traditional crystal-gazing form, and I suppose if they occurred to any one ready to believe that proof of *anything* is available they would be held to prove that something or other exists—though exactly what, it would be hard to say. At any rate, these dreams of mine have every mark of authenticity—except the fact of being true. They do not, so far as I know, represent anything—indeed, why should they? But they are extremely vivid and accurate—much more vivid and accurate than, say, my usual memory of yesterday. They are impersonal (there is no *me* in them), and within their own limits they are consistent. And, to me most curious of all, each dream is, literally, a clear moving picture framed in a circle, hazy at the edges like the field of view of a telescope. Sometimes these dreams are so short and pointless as to constitute simply a glimpse, as one might see a completely unexplained though perhaps memorable grouping of persons on a road as one drove by. Such stories in life or in dream can never be finished and are scarcely begun. Whenever I see a dog leaning out of a rushing car I imagine what a babel of half-perceived smells must be pouring into its nose—all unidentifiable—all unexplainable—all, by their very variety, frustrating the dog's natural instinct to follow things up—dig mice out—lick dirt—force birds to take to flight. To the dog this torrent of unimpressed impressions must be significant in the same way as a half-senseless composite word like Lovechristmasstrawberrygloryperilousseasforlornholyholyprinceofwalesasparagustipsrapture might seem to us significant, but the composite smell would be much more exciting than any word, since the dog's nose transmits a directer ecstasy, I am sure, to the dog's brain than our everyday perceptions do to ours. But my dreams are not everyday things, and they have just such an exquisite urgency as I remember a child's experiences had, and as I imagine a dog's have. They come out of nowhere and go into nowhere; they seem to matter most intensely, but they probably don't matter at all. Perhaps the dog in the car may smell just a flick of a smell that he never dreamed of before—a smell, the suggestive mystery of which might bring tears to his eyes.

The ordinary everynight dream quite frankly and shamelessly leads nowhere at all. It is an explosion of the fancy—a dazzle of inconsistencies, improbabilities, inconsequences, and oddities of emphasis. The inspiring spark is inevitably *oneself*, and all the light on the scene of a common dream shines, however crazily, from this self which circumstances too often dim in waking life. But these other rarer dreams which visit me from time to time are, from the first blink of their opening, wholly and unmistakably different from common, erratic, personal dreams. Not only do circumstantial and perfectly homogeneous details abound—not only does the action seem oddly to outrun my own presence of mind, so that unexpected events take me by surprise—events which only afterwards are seen to be accountable and in logical sequence—but the air of these dreams is a remote and utterly different air from that wind that blows hot and cold through a common dream; the light is an indirect and moon-clear light—the light of no-identity. And each time one of these dreams comes I have the sense of reacquiring by accident an inexplicable knack that I had temporarily lost. I remember a story by George Macdonald about a door in a great castle—a door to curious and consoling adventures. The princess can never find the door deliberately; only occasionally, by mistake, she finds its familiar threshold before her feet, and, every time this happens, she marvels at the ease with which she has reached it, and tries to commit to memory the trick of finding it at will. But she found—and I find—the hunting of visions an impossibly elusive sport. The necessary preliminary—the complete shedding of personality—cannot be carried out as a deliberate exercise, I believe. Yet to find such a door—such a dream—is a most intoxicating delight, however trivial and purposeless may be the adventure behind the door—behind the dream.

I have had two of these dreams lately, on two consecutive nights. The first of these was a scene in some hotel "winter garden" or smoking room, a place of deep leather-covered chairs, palms, solid, manly ashtrays, refined spittoons, and throaty, gentlemanly cries of *Waiter!* Facing the lens of my spyglass, as it were, was an innocent, stout man like a Rotarian, bald, smooth-faced, complacent, cleansed of thought—the kind of man on whose lips the word *I* sounds an anomaly, because he is so conspicuously an *us*. This man was leaning forward from a very deep armchair. He was amused by a joke he was making. Someone my lens could not see was evidently amused too. The joke was not very funny—indeed it was only mildly giggleworthy, even to its maker. I have forgotten the kernel of it, but in general the monologue was to the effect that honesty really was the best policy—"I've tried both and I know"—and it contrasted his own rich, easy, tweedy, golfy, gin-and-bitters life with the life of a certain doubtful character. "A millionaire, it's true, but what I want to know is, What does he dream of at night?" There was little point in all this; only the giggle and the speaker's eagerness and cheerfulness gave it the status of a joke. The speaker continued to talk about this unarrested criminal millionaire, and mentioned that "everything he does is on paper in a pigeonhole as soon as he's done it. Now, look at me, I can start off in the morning, walk half a mile, remember I've forgotten something and walk the whole way back and fetch it—and nobody interested enough to wonder what I think I'm doing. I can go and see a little lady I know, and nobody on God's earth knows where I am. And yesterday is as dead as a doornail to me; it'll never come to life again because it's nobody's business to look it up. But look at him, poor devil! if he forgot something and walked back the way he'd come some sleuth would be on to it in a minute—why he did it, where he turned, what he saw that made him turn . . . whatever he does, somebody's taking notes, making guesses, noting the names of his girls and his tailor and the people he telegraphs to—fitting it all together like a jigsaw puzzle. Why, he can't even get a haircut without making a little bit of history in somebody's notebook. Well, that's the way an honest man scores; what's done is done with him. Why, if I went and blew my nose fifteen times running on the steps of the National Gallery nobody would mistake it for a criminal signal . . ." etc., etc. While he spoke and laughed, he leaned farther and farther forward so that there was a wide space between his back and the back of the chair. Next to him, but facing the opposite way—that is, with its back to my lens—was another very deep chair. It had been impossible to see whether this chair were occupied or not until abruptly a man rose out of it and stood up. His arms and legs were very long, but his face was blurred so black against the bright window that my lens could not register his features. He leaned across the space between the talkative man's spine and the chair-back, apparently to help himself to a box of matches on a little table just within a stretched reach. As this tall man—part of his body hidden from my spy-glass by the nearer leaning of the talker—grasped the box of matches and straightened himself, the talker's aspect underwent a sudden and frightful change. An appalled expression filled his naïve face; his words and laughter died suddenly away; he bent tensely further and further forward—not eagerly now but with a cramped and crooked despair. His attention, so completely concentrated on his own wit but an instant before, was obviously quite remote now: no cry, no question could have reached it. The doors of his body

had slammed upon him. His gradual canting-forward movement lasted such a long time that I, impersonally looking at the picture through my spy-glass from another world, had time to think stupidly, "But what can have happened? Has he suddenly realised what a fool he is? What can have wiped out the joke so suddenly?"—before his slow collapse ended; his face came to rest upon his knees. And then I could see the knife sticking up to the hilt in his back. There was no sound or movement from the next chair; the tall man had disappeared. This climax was unexpected enough to wrench me into a rather sickened awakening. "Poor garrulous old ass!" I thought, feeling that I had travelled away leaving a silly but harmless passing acquaintance in trouble in the lurch.

The second dream, which my spy-glass focused on the very next night, seemed to me more remote in its beginning and its ending. Set in my haze-encircled field of view, in this instance, was a scene in a wood. The trees, beeches and hazels, were of small size, though through openings, like Gothic windows, in the foliage one could see distant large trees—pines—on a red bracken slope. In the foreground of my picture lay a woman on the ground. She was covered by a sheet of silk material, the pattern of which is most firmly fixed in my memory. It was a rather sparse design; bright red and rather poisonous green on a very white ground; the design represented cherries and cherry-leaves, but very primitively. The cherries were mere blobs of red—the leaves in thick careless outline only, like croquet-hoops of green, yet the effect was certainly a cherry-tree effect—very vivid and clean-looking. Waking, I have never seen this design, as far as I know. The woman lay on her back with her head turned towards her left shoulder, and behind her head flowed in a thick rippled stream her hair—bright yellow-brown hair. A yard or two away from her right shoulder a man crouched or squatted on the ground, most assiduously brushing the woman's hair—obviously to soothe her, for she was ill. He brushed firmly and regularly, but his eyes strayed, and somehow I perceived his thought: "When she dies, all these woods are mine." As he thought this, the sun, which had been dimmed, suddenly came out, and the whole scene seemed to contract in a spasm of excitement. The young woods, which had seemed rather trivial and sad, glittered with the most exact life; there were patterns and traceries of little leaves that I could draw accurately at this moment; the twigs with the bright light behind them were piped with blinding silver, those on which the sun shone direct were grained and coiled like agate necklaces; some of the leaves were so glittering that nothing could be seen but blurred spangles, others drew colour from the peacock-coloured shade. The beech tree-trunks, lately wet, seemed washed in an opal and jade bath. Between the near boughs the distant bracken slope glowed ruddy as a well-baked cake, and the pines had a sheen and a toss like a cock's tail-feathers. The man, still tirelessly brushing the woman's hair, looked at this transformation with great joy. But presently he looked down at the hair and saw that it did not share this general quickening of colour; it absorbed none of the sunlight. It was a tawny sword sheathed in a shadow. If it had been a flower one would have thought it killed suddenly by a finger of frost, though not yet faded. By this, without looking at the woman's face, the man knew that she was dead.

Both these dreams, I believe, could be made into stories. But it seemed to me worth while to record them as they came to me—unfinished, unbegun, fragments of nothing projected on to nothingness. They had no importance, but they had to me the intense significance of things seen in childhood. Never again, waking, shall we accept so single-heartedly the common or rare images that in our childhood were printed on the sunlight before our unquestioning eyes. Such images are things in themselves; they call for no explanation. And I believe my impersonal middle-aged bones build up these dreams to protect themselves from the endless weariness of identity and personal experience.

STELLA BENSON.

FOR SERVICES RENDERED

THIS is the best play Somerset Maugham has written, and it is thoroughly interpreted. All critics agree that it is extraordinarily well acted; all play-goers who have seen it are enthusiastic on that score, and, if they are aware that there is such a thing as dramatic technique, over the skill of the dramatist. Various opinions have reached me from various quarters. Some of these are sufficiently enthusiastic to satisfy me, in others admiration is tempered by aversion, but all agree that *For Services Rendered* is a remarkable play. And everyone says that it is "grim." This small word expresses approval in the case of the tough-minded and distrust in the mouths of the tender-minded. Where there is unanimity between these two types of play-goers the critic would be rash who rejected their common verdict, and I am certainly not going to argue against it. Personally, I like "grim" plays, and "grim" novels, provided they are not versions of truth distorted by spiteful arrogance or written out of a disgruntled vanity; and anyone acquainted with Mr. Somerset Maugham's best work in drama and fiction knows that such a play as this springs straight out of his own vision of the world. This vision is not that of an amiable man who gives human nature the benefit of doubts; it is not that of a man whose indignation has been heightened by a desire to redeem mankind, and it is not that of an ex-idealist bitterly disappointed in human nature. It is the work of a man who now and then has been very angry with people for not having the honesty to admit facts which stare them in the face, but has kept that anger on ice long enough to turn it into an instrument of his searching contempt. What are the facts that this careful, cold, considered anger exposes? I shall not tabulate them, for a good reason. If I were to write them down in a list every reader would say at each item, "Of course! I never denied that." Nevertheless, it is quite a different matter when their truth is vividly projected as a picture of life. Then, the very people who would assent with the most off-hand alacrity to each statement are precisely those most likely to boggle at the picture. Indeed, it is against this comfortable, comforting faculty of admitting anything and feeling nothing that the play is directed. The villain of the piece is not exposed till the last moment; and during it he is so artistically concealed that it is possible that many spectators leave the theatre without recognising him for what he is. I say, artistically, because once you have grasped the significance of the play his exposure is the more complete (as in the case of Ibsen's characters) through his having appeared in art as he does in life, his nature concealed by conventional rectitude and platitude, muffled up in good humour and apparent common sense. The country solicitor and father of the family in the play (excellently acted by Mr. C. V. France, and all the better, I suspect, from the actor's not being completely aware of the devastating implications of his part) is its villain. Mr. Ardsley is the embodiment of what the play exposes. What he represents is an attitude which in private life is often flattered by being called balance and in politics back-bone. It is a common English quality, infuriating to the truthful and the despair of those who do not trust to "muddling through." It is the elderly Ardsleys who never have any difficulty in saying "yes" to wars, or in accepting their consequences with a firm placidity. During wars they sometimes make fortunes and they always give sons, regretting that they are unable to do more themselves than act occasionally as special constables. Their patriotism is absolutely reliable; but they are incapable of the smallest effort to grasp the difference between their own point of view and

that of those who did not share their immunity. They are idealistic for others and practical for themselves; their hearts would be in the right place if they had any. They find suffering tolerable to contemplate, and they excuse and quench the complaints of those who suffer as hysteria or crying for the moon. They think it foolish to meet trouble half-way, which means that they ignore the troubles of those nearest them, and *a fortiori* of those they do not see. They are generally active, hearty men, and, while well off, hospitable. Their confidence rests on an hypothesis that the worst never happens to themselves, and as long as it does not they know "the old country is sound at bottom." Therefore they cannot also help believing that any remedial measure which might possibly embarrass them must ruin everybody. They seem steady as rocks, yet, threatened with bankruptcy, they often shoot themselves, which shows that it is not courage which supports their genial equanimity but a method of looking at life: this method is to shut the eyes to anything painful until it is too late to remedy it. Now, the art of shutting eyes requires cultivation (men, unlike puppies, are born with them open), and during the war it was a necessity for those who kept the home fires burning to acquire it in perfection. Consequently, to-day, the most finished adepts at it belong to that particular generation—still too much with us. No task more salutary could be undertaken at the present time by a detached observer of human nature than that of exposing Ardsleys; and dramatically there is no better way than by exhibiting them as denying with practical friendly effrontery (1) the commitments of their recent idealism; (2) bravely making light of the sufferings, physical, mental, or financial, the war has inflicted upon others. This is what Mr. Maugham has done, and with the coldness which makes the blood of others boil.

But do not make the mistake of several of his ablest critics of supposing that every painful fact connected with the lives of others, which Mr. Ardsley blandly and firmly ignores, ought to have been directly attributable to the war itself. No; the play is about Ardsleys, not merely about services rendered and ignored. Mr. Ardsley "carries on" blindly till he is left at last with a dying wife, a crazy, sex-starved daughter, a blind, embittered son on his hands, and the responsibility for a war hero's suicide on his conscience—at least, it would have been had not that conscience distinguished so nicely between what is his business and other people's, between admiration for patriots and any obligation to see them through. The final climax of the play is one of the best-engineered and most shattering explosions beneath wilful smugness I have witnessed on the stage; that moment when Mr. Ardsley, over his tea-cup, drops a few sentiments in the key of the concluding tableau of *Cavalcade*, and his youngest daughter, the one still scatheless creature dependent on him, bolts from her home as from a city of destruction, into the arms of a rich, elderly lady-killer, whom she neither loves nor trusts, but thinks she can manage. *Sauve qui peut.*

The play opens in a large and pleasant garden belonging to the leading solicitor of a quiet country town. He has three daughters and a son. The family and their guests have been playing tennis. We are put in touch with the situation in a masterly fashion. Young Ardsley was blinded in the war, his eldest sister lost her fiancé in the war, and the second married a rough tenant-farmer, a heavy drinker and a coarse-grained sensualist, in a moment of hero-uniform worship. The youngest was only a child when these things happened. Their guests that afternoon are a young ex-Naval officer who set up a garage in the town with his bonus money, and a rich, elderly man and his silly, hard wife, a divorcée, who are temporary tenants of the neighbouring Manor House. In the course of a perfectly natural dialogue we gather the position of all these people *vis-à-vis* of each other. The blind son has taken refuge in a brooding and bitter self-control (perfectly played by Mr. Hardwicke). It is a grief to his father that he cannot carry on the family business. The bereaved daughter has taken refuge in self-sacrifice and has apparently resigned herself to being for life a devoted nurse to her brother and a mother's help. The married daughter is making the best of the bed she has to lie on, and she conceals as much as possible from herself and her family the misery of her misalliance. The youngest child sees no prospect in front of her but to wither on the stalk like her eldest sister. The sailor's garage business has been going badly and a crash is inevitable unless he can borrow, say, £200. He knows that it is no use appealing to his friend and solicitor, and we soon understand why. He fails to get a loan from the rich elderly man, his last hope, who has already cast an amorous eye upon the youngest Ardsley girl. Cedar is prepared to give her the best of times, and to settle £20,000 on her if she will come away with him. (He does buy her in the next Act, as bait, a pearl necklace worth £500.) In the first Act there is a hint, too, that the bereaved, mateless daughter, whom her father finds it so convenient to conceive as cut out for "a saint," is in love with the ex-sailor. In Act II all these potentialities are developed. The principal line that development follows is the fix in which the ex-commander of the destroyer finds himself, and the frantic, unreturned passion he has inspired in Ardsley's eldest daughter. Driven to desperation he has, in spite of warning from his bank, tried to stave off creditors by drawing stumer cheques; driven to desperation, in an agony of embarrassment, she offers him herself and the £1,000 which belongs to her. He is too honourable to snatch at that way out of his predicament. Ardsley explains to him, with that trenchant benignity which marks his treatment of all who have served England, that a prosecution is inevitable, but thanks to his D.S.O. he may get off with six months in the second division. His comment to his blind son is that "Stratton was a good officer but a bad man of business," but when Sydney replies that that would make an excellent epitaph for Stratton's tombstone, Mr. Ardsley is characteristically shocked. Between Act II and III Stratton, however, shoots himself, and Mr. Ardsley is glad that he has saved, at any rate, the honour of the Navy. When his blind son, ridged with ice-cold passion, declares that, if there is ever another war, he will go out into the street and shout "Bunk, bunk, bunk," his father's calm reply is, "I'm sure that if the time comes you will do your duty."

Ardsley's favourite maxim is "Don't jump your fences till you come to them"—go on ignoring the fact, for example, that feeling about war has changed, that the curious compound of bunk, desperation, and responsibility, popular morale, cannot be manufactured again. The Ardsleys in every country still believe that they are only up against a lot of washy weak pacific sentiment. Nothing of the kind. If "the war to end war" proves a fiasco there are hundreds of thousands who will be even ready, since death and disaster are in any case inevitable, to see if civil war won't do the trick.

The curtain descends upon old Ardsley looking up from a tea cup startled by his daughter, who now imagines herself engaged to the man who has just committed suicide, crazily singing the first two lines of "God Save the King."

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

ARMISTICE DAY, 1932

THE buzzer sounds, and, at our benches, we,
Stopping the lathes, two minutes silently
Mourn for the lads who fell; then turn again
To making arms for killing other men.

WILFRID GIBSON.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The French Triangle

THE poorness of his material is often the measure of M. Sacha Guitry's success. An artist in execution, he delights to charm us with what is not in itself charming. *La Jalousie,* with which he opened his season at the Cambridge Theatre, is the familiar tale of the jealous Frenchman and the pretty wife. M. Blondel, inspired by his own example, is tormented by suspicion. Mdme. Blondel is driven into reluctant infidelity. The moral is that lies are always best. One would no more quarrel with this Gallic combination of wit without humour and tolerance without compassion than one would tax the author of a farce with the improbability of his plot. These are the rules of the game. Besides, M. Guitry's plays have more than polish. Even in an airy piece of cynicism like this, there is a hint, if it is only in the production and the acting, of a sense of beauty. With an acquiescent gesture, M. Guitry compensates us for his blandly disillusioned words. It is his special talent to make heartlessness itself moving by presenting it with exquisite taste. His audience sit expectant, as if, at any moment, he might tell them what he really thinks. But for him the manner is the substance. English actresses would do well to study the perfect technique of Mlle. Madeleine Renaud who moves like a ballet dancer through her gilded French interior. The acting of the whole cast delightfully expresses the author's mood. M. Guitry's voice has lost some of its resonance. He was a trifle rapid, even for his own compatriots, if one may judge from the uneasy whisperings in the stalls.

An Engaging Crook Comedy

A tedious first act is only one of the faults from which *Never Come Back* at the Phœnix suffers—faults of a kind one does not expect from Mr. Frederick Lonsdale. Its virtues, however, are still more remarkable. Mr. Lonsdale has little talent for character drawing, but by sticking funny remarks and quaint habits on to unlikely people he appears a master of character; and with a little fashionable dialogue and a Riviera villa (which might just as well have been the Yorkshire moors or the Canary Islands) he gives an ultra-modern ring to his pre-war aristocracy and his romantic kleptomaniacs. It is even a virtue that his characters all seem to have happened by accident: all except the engaging crook, and Mr. Raymond Massey is so convincing a salesman of the author's wares that one can never be sure how much credit is due to the author. Mr. Massey's sleight of hand entails more than the removal of people's watches and notecases or the placing of diamond necklaces in other people's pockets. He is just a little quicker than the audience every time, with his brains as well as his hands. And there is also Miss Viola Tree, the odd piece in the jig-saw puzzle, who takes a lot of fitting into a play like this but when she is fitted seems to explain everything, lending distance and enchantment to the rest of the cast.

Mr. Milne's Strong Play

Other People's Lives at the Arts Theatre is very good Milne. The frivolous and amusingly worthless Waites decide to ameliorate the humble, troubled but not unhappy lot of the lower-classed but higher principled Tillings of the flat above. The Waites mean well but do not realise that making people happier is a difficult art never to be undertaken frivolously. The results are disastrous. Everything goes wrong for the Tillings and their misfortunes reflect seriously on the Waites. Thus we have a play of two interwoven strands. The two-flat drama is, of course, not new; but Mr. Milne's purpose is serious, his touch is sure and the scenes in the Tillings' flat are very moving. The characters, except for a dean from stock, are alive; and the wit is admirable contrast to the pathos. Mr. Hannay is superb as Mr. Tilling. He brings out the underlying sweetness of Tilling's character while preserving his limitations. Miss Leonora Corbett could not have been improved on as Lola, especially in her great moment in the last act.

An Intelligent Film

David Golder, by Irene Nemirovski, makes an exciting picture (at the Academy). The staccato dialogue of the authoress tells well upon the screen and keeps its disagreeable and rather glittering effectiveness. M. Baur in the name part, superbly realises the mingled long-sufferingness and ruthlessness of David Golder. From an intellectual point of view, *David Golder* leaves nothing to be desired.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Friday, November 11th—
"Follow Me," Westminster Theatre.

Saturday, November 12th—
Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.
Schnabel, Queen's Hall, 3.
Dolmetsch Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.

Sunday, November 13th—
C. Delisle Burns, Conway Hall, 11.
Dr. G. P. Gooch on "Internationalism," Hampstead Ethical Society, 158A, Mill Lane, N.W., 6.15.
J. Walker on "The Function of Trade Unions in Socialised Industry," Transport Hall, Smith Square, 7.30.
"To-morrow and To-morrow," R.A.D.A.

Monday, November 14th—
Courtauld-Sargent Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
"La Pelerine Ecossaise," Cambridge Theatre.

Tuesday, November 15th—
D. R. O. Thomas on "Indian, Bantu and European in South Africa," Friends Hall, Euston Square, 1.20.
Disarmament Demonstration. Albert Hall, 8.
Sir Arthur Eddington on "Physics and Philosophy," University College, 8.15.
Gerhardt, Brahms Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

Wednesday, November 16th—
John Morgan on "The Russian Peasant and the Five-Year Plan," Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, 8.
B.B.C. Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Thursday, November 17th—
Serge Chermayeff on "Modern Furniture," Victoria and Albert Museum, 5.

HERE AND THERE DO
LININGS WEAR - HERE AND
THERE DO LININGS TEAR.
WITH some Linings, it's "here, there and everywhere." But if, when you choose the cloth, you also choose an appropriate "COURTINE" LINING, woven and guaranteed by COURTAULDS, such troubles are over. Ask your Tailor to use only
"Courtine"
(REGISTERED)
LININGS
The name is on the selvedge.
GUARANTEED FULLY SHRUNK.
If any difficulty in obtaining "COURTINE" LININGS, write direct to the Manufacturers, COURTAULDS Ltd., 16 St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

BEING interested in national temperaments, I pounced with eagerness this week upon Dr. Fedor Vergin's *Sub-Conscious Europe* (Cape, 10s. 6d.). I was disappointed. Obviously Dr. Vergin has a great store of information to impart; obviously, also, he is a man of culture, method, experience and integrity. The translation, moreover, has been executed by Mr. Raglan Somerset with the utmost skill and discretion. Yet the book is irritating. These psychoanalysts are so pragmatic, so voluble, so complacent. Dr. Vergin indulges in generalisations which are as wild as any advanced by a junior member of a college debating society. The fact that he clothes these generalisations in the sacerdotal garments of Freud and Jung does not conciliate me in the very least. I am by nature an obedient man: if a policeman says "Stop" to me, I stop; I do not like being told by Dr. Vergin that this instinctive gesture on my part is a proof of the inherent masochism of my race. I do not like it; because I do not believe in it. I am quite clearly aware that masochism is not among my many vices, and that obedience is prominent, if a trifle lonely, among my virtues. Dr. Vergin would contend that this my irritation is a proof of some appalling blockage in the conduit between my conscious and my sub-conscious self; he would be mistaken in this deduction. My irritation is due entirely to distaste at finding that a man of Dr. Vergin's industry and sense can, when psycho-analysis intervenes, go so completely wrong in the head. Let me not exaggerate. I am convinced that Dr. Freud and Dr. Jung have done immense services to humanity by their discoveries and methods. The awareness of mankind has increased a whole cubit owing to their creative suggestions.

Nor am I unduly disconcerted by the fruit-salad which the Americans have evolved from the Vienna school of psychology. It is merely that I do not feel that psychoanalysis should extend at such a distance from the clinic or the consulting-room; I dislike its tendency to slop over into ordinary habits of thought. Let me illustrate this my indignation by instances from Dr. Vergin's book.

* * *

"The purpose," writes Dr. Vergin, "served by psychological analysis is that of explaining the irrational, giving a meaning to what is apparently meaningless, and controlling the psychological forces which thus emerge." I contest this definition. It would be as true to say that the effect of psycho-analysis is to confuse the rational, to render meaningless the hitherto lucid, and to release psychological forces which, but for all this probing, need not have emerged at all. I do not believe, for instance, that the attraction exercised upon the unfortunate Eulenberg by his equally unfortunate Emperor was due, as Dr. Vergin asserts, to the latter's "masculinity." I do not believe that the Oedipus complex had anything to do with the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia. I do not believe that the "guilt-feelings" of the belligerent Powers would have been "unloaded" had William II in fact been brought to trial. I do not believe that Mussolini's harangues are "a well-known symptom of a psychological attempt to make up for a subconscious sense of sexual inferiority, accompanied by sadistic impulses." I do not believe that the desire to protect Mother England from violation constituted the "only permanent preoccupation in (our) collective dealings with the outside world." I do not believe that to the British electorate considerations regarding the Freedom of the Seas "are the psychological equivalent of the Mother-Image." Nor do I believe that the people of Moscow accept the restrictions of the Bolshevik regime merely because of the "sexual freedom and the human and scientific method of dealing with its resultant consequences." What is so maddening about the psychoanalysts is that they never qualify their statements; had Dr. Vergin prefaced any of his above remarks with even the slightest hint of reservation, I might gladly have recognised that each of these his apophthegms contained an element of truth; it is because he slaps them down before me as the whole truth and nothing but the truth that I squint suspiciously and bring out my scales.

* * *

Nor is this wild habit of intricate generalisation the only disability under which the psycho-analyst suffers the moment he plunges into print. In the intervals of nosing after the recondite he grasps the obvious with a gesture of discovery as triumphant as that of a drunkard clutching at lamp-posts. "The tendency to war," writes Dr. Vergin, "is further exacerbated by those differences which divide humanity into different nations and religions." This undeniable truth is introduced by the following statement, which is, to say the least, deniable. "The tendency to war is an element in the psychological structure of human beings and has been diagnosed by the researches of Freud as due to the Oedipus complex." That sort of language, in this year 1932, simply will not do at all. I regret it. I resent it. Because, as I remarked at the outset, Dr. Vergin has a great many acute and interesting things to say. I admit even that there are moments when his Freudian methods do actually add an element of interpretation. He is right in saying that the emotional belligerency of women in war-time is due to a subconscious feeling that the men are fighting for motherhood, are fighting for the women themselves. He is right in saying that "hatred creates a feeling of guilt which demands fresh hatred and fresh deeds of murder to submerge it." He is right in showing that Stresemann had to meet considerable resistance on the part "of the ancient ideals of taboo which were saturated with the spirit of totemism." He is right in stressing the essential femininity of the Germans; in contending that the Indians hate the English because of our religious tolerance, because we failed to free them "from the mad fancies of their own religious psychology." He is right and instructive in his examination of the psychological basis of Communism, and in his forecast that, when once the pressure of the present hungry religion is relaxed, the longing for differentiation may again establish itself in Russia. Nor could it be contended that the following aspect of the English character is wholly wide of the mark:

> Every negro loves and hates the god that dwells in his breast. His real need of him is due to an absence of scientific knowledge. This is just as true of England. The Englishman tends to suppress every factor which can upset his childlike instinctive optimism. Hence he lives, both politically and socially, from day to day, and pulls himself together, at the last possible moment, when decisive action is demanded. The whole of English politics still depend on the fairy tales which, though they no longer believe in them, they find too lovely for political internment.

* * *

This may be an irritating book, and it may, for long periods, be unnecessarily pretentious. But it is neither silly nor uninteresting. Dr. Vergin is not only full of bright ideas (the purgative effect of the popular press, the relation between democracy and matriarchy, the nomadic *versus* the settled in modern social organisation, the nature of British hypocrisy, "this peculiar England, where even public officials are polite, goes on its way with the instinctive certainty of the somnambulist"—and many such amusing fireworks) —and, from the moment that he manages to forget Freud and Jung, he can write with real balance and acumen. His section on the Jews, on Zionism, on Hitler, and on Poincaré disclose a temperate insight. His book is one which will be widely censured, widely dispraised. It is not, however, a book which can be easily ignored.

HAROLD NICOLSON.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Literary Supplement

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1932

NISBET

From Jungle to Jutland

BY MAJOR CLAUDE WALLACE

16/- *net*

"An important contribution to recent history, as well as a book of fascinating reminiscences . . . an unusually crowded life." NEWS CHRONICLE

JUTLAND—"Naval officers, as well as civilians, will be especially interested in his account of what happened." *Sir Archibald Hurd.*

★ ★ ★

The Polytechnic and its Founder

BY MRS. E. M. WOOD

10/6 *net*

This is a revised and enlarged edition of a most interesting work. To all who think and care about the development of the youth of this country this book is of the greatest value.

★ ★ ★

Sound Catering for Hard Times

BY PROF. V. H. MOTTRAM AND E. C. MOTTRAM

4/6 *net*

"This very sensible book is a very present help in the troubles of the moment. It is a practical and not merely a theoretical book . . . intelligible to the most ordinary woman in the kitchen." *The Star.*

★ ★ ★

What Every Cook Should Know

BY JESSIE LINDSAY AND HELEN M. TRESS

5/- *net*

"Here is the book for the intelligent woman-in-the-kitchen, whether she be her own cook or endeavouring to get the best out of an untrained servant. It will be really helpful to the intelligent housewife who regards preparing food as a reasonable occupation and not as a compulsory game of hit-or-miss." WEEK-END REVIEW

The Relevance of Christianity (3rd Edition)

BY THE REV. F. R. BARRY, M.A., D.S.O.

10/6 *net*

"I have read it with great admiration for its courage, open-mindedness, and ability. I am delighted that Canon Barry is brave enough to say that 'England is still at heart far more Christian than any other nation of the Western tradition."

"His condemnation of the romantic idea of loves between the sexes is interesting, and contains a large element of truth." *Dean Inge.*

★ ★ ★

The Legend of Hell

BY THE REV. PERCY DEARMER, M.A., D.D.

5/- *net*

A new edition of a most important book. This is a searching examination of the doctrine of everlasting punishment in the light of modern scholarship. This book will solve many of the difficulties, and set at rest many of the fears, which are present in a number of minds to-day, for it proves that this doctrine is, in fact, a "legend."

★ ★ ★

Talents and Temperaments

BY ANGUS MACRAE, M.A.

5/- *net*

This important book will be published shortly in the *Contemporary Library of Psychology*. It is only of recent years that any scientific attempt has been made to discover the particular talents which make for success in different walks of life, and the temperamental qualities which help or hinder the use that is made of the talents. Differential Psychology is the key to the solution of the problem. The author shows the real use of Applied Psychology in helping the individual, and particularly the beginner to choose a career in which he is likely to achieve success.

NISBET · 22, Berners St. · LONDON

THE PENTAMERONE
OF GIAMBATTISTA BASILE

Translated from the Italian of BENEDETTO CROCE

And Edited, with Preface, Notes, etc., by NORMAN M. PENZER, M.A.

With 14 *Illustrations. In* 2 *Vols.* 42s. net.

The Pentamerone is the greatest collection of fairy tales ever written, and this edition is not only translated from Professor Croce's Italian edition of 1925, but is edited by Norman Penzer, himself world famous as a folk-lorist and scholar, and is *the second complete English edition* to appear since the original appearance of the book in 1634, the other being Burton's translation, which is in many ways inaccurate.

THE ST. HELENA JOURNAL
OF GENERAL BARON GOURGAUD
1815-1818

Being a Diary written at St. Helena during a part of Napoleon's captivity. Now translated into English for the first time by SYDNEY GILLARD. Edited, with an Introduction and notes, by NORMAN EDWARDS. With a Preface by HILAIRE BELLOC.

LORD ROSEBERY said in '*The Last Phase*': "The one capital and supreme record of life at St. Helena is the private journal of Gourgaud." With 5 Illustrations. 15s. net.

JUSTICE IN THE JUNGLE

By FRANK HIVES, author of '*Ju-Ju and Justice in Nigeria*.' Further stories of early pioneer days in Nigeria—fighting the Ju-Ju cult, the child stealers and the slave dealers. A thrilling book of personal adventure by a man who has done much to bring justice and humane methods among savage peoples. 8s. 6d. net. *Ready Nov.* 18*th.*

GLENSHIELS

A Novel of Scottish working-class life by LENNOX KERR.

A. S. NEILL. "A very good book . . . Kerr is an admirable painter of people and things and the atmosphere of that house and town so meticulously given is first rate . . . I enjoyed the book much."

COMPTON MACKENZIE. "It tells the story without a superfluous word . . . the dialogue could not be improved."

NORMAN COLLINS. "Glenshiels is a discovery. The book will last." 7s. 6d. net.

STEPHEN LEACOCK
AFTERNOONS IN UTOPIA

BEN TRAVERS. "Of all contemporary humorists, Stephen Leacock possesses the secret of happy satire. In this latest book of his, the jubilant ironic humour leaps up like the flames of some jolly bonfire."

5s. net.

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD., VIGO ST., W.1.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
WAKING NIGHTMARE. By Michael Sadleir	583
THE FATED FIVE. By R. Ellis Roberts	584
BLACK AND WHITE. By Forrest Reid	584
MACAULAY. By Rose Macaulay	586
THE MATHEMATICS OF MRS. WATSON. By Ronald A. Knox	588
VERSE-BALLET. By Richard Church	590
THE SOCIAL ORDER. By J. A. Hobson	592
A TOUCH OF FEVER	592
HORS CONCOURS. By Elizabeth Bibesco	594
THE ADVANCING THEATRE. By Lydia Lopokova	596
TEXTS AND PRETEXTS. By Peter Quennell	596

WAKING NIGHTMARE

The Sleepwalkers. By HERMANN BROCH. Translated by WILLA and EDWIN MUIR. Secker. 10s.

Fabian. By ERICH KÄSTNER. Translated by CYRUS BROOKS. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Most people agree that civilisation is sick; some say mortally sick. This being so, it is strange—indeed, rather discreditable—how little attention has been paid by the general public in Great Britain to the spiritual and material chaos of Germany during the years since the Armistice. There the agonies, desperations and apathies which in varying degree have infected the population of every European country during the last decade and a half, have been more intolerable, more reckless and more profound than anywhere else. And yet, how many people in this country have troubled really to study the tragedy of post-war Germany, have thought to draw the obvious moral, that what happened there might so easily have happened—might conceivably still happen—here, and, in consequence, to be so far forearmed as is possible to the forewarned?

Very few; though there has been no lack of opportunity, even for stay-at-homes. Text-books in plenty have been published. Robert Neumann's *Flood* tells a ghastly tale in terms of Vienna and her sufferings; *Regiment Reichstag* brings the Berlin civil war before our eyes; Feuchtwanger in *Success*, von Salomon in *The Outlaws*, Eisenmenger in *Blockade*, Renn in *After War*, Liepmann in *Peace Broke Out* present various aspects of the torment, violence and misery of what—ironically enough—were Germany's first years of peace. Finally, Döblin's tremendous novel *Alexanderplatz* distils for us the essence of that Berlin underworld, which is itself the essence of all the post-war underworlds, seething with crime, anguish and cruelty beneath an upper crust of dance-teas, lingerie and sport. Yet, which of all these books has been read in any quantity? Only *Alexanderplatz*—and that less than a dozen "wholesome" novels of genial British make-believe.

And now come two more books on the same manifold theme, full of menace and meaning for those with courage to read, oppressive and shocking to the rest. Will they fare any better?

The Sleepwalkers is a very long novel (three novels in one, to be exact) surveying the German scene from 1888 to the debacle of 1918; *Fabian* is a short novel describing a few weeks in the life of a young Berliner during the late nineteen-twenties. Both are terrible commentaries on the chronic sickness of the Reich and therefore (the fact merits repetition) on the potential sickness of all Europe and America. Hermann Broch, author of *The Sleepwalkers*, is concerned to diagnose his country's malady; and diagnosis takes him back into the heyday of Imperial and militarist Germany. Erich Kästner, author of *Fabian*, is content to describe certain advanced symptoms of the disease, and this he does with a swift and mocking savagery which makes his book a little masterpiece of pathos and calamity.

The first section of *The Sleepwalkers*, dated 1888, is called *The Romantic*, and is the narrative of the son of an East Prussian landowner. Joachim von Pasenow has been brought up in traditions as rigid as any known to Europe during the last 500 years. Of Junker stock and a lieutenant in the army of the King of Prussia, his mind runs simply and uncritically along traditional lines, until renewed contact with Eduard von Bertrand (once a fellow subaltern, now, having actually resigned his commission, prospering in business) disturbs his tranquil acceptance of that code of ideals and behaviour which he has never before even thought to question. According to this code Bertrand—a renegade officer, a man who could so far betray his caste as to exchange the service of the king for the degradation of trade—should be, not only an unworthy, but an inconceivable companion for a gentleman. Yet is he not. On the contrary he exercises a disconcerting fascination over the reluctant Joachim. "We are a lost generation," says Bertrand more than once, and the remark gives us half the text on which this sermon called *The Sleepwalkers* is based. For Bertrand knows. He has been of the old; is now—and voluntarily—of the new. The change-over—a far more fundamental change than anything of the kind possible in England—has enlightened him to prospects and dangers hidden from the traditionalist, has enlightened him, but in the same moment made him a fatalist.

The second section of *The Sleepwalkers*, dated 1903, and entitled *The Anarchist*, shows Bertrand's melancholy aphorism nearing actuality, and introduces the other half of the novel's text—German disintegration—ethical, moral and social. This disintegration was evident so far back as 1903; and with rare skill Broch shows how slowly it began, but, once on the way, how disastrously complete it could become, in a community as industrious, as habit-ridden and as order-loving as the old Germany. The world of *The Anarchist* is quite different from that of *The Romantic*. In the place of officers and landowners with their servants, tenants and lights o' love, are clerks, theatre agents, customs officials, a trade union secretary and the widow Hentjen, the enigmatic man-hating proprietress of a small restaurant in Cologne. The central figure is August Esch, a book-keeper, who, having been unfairly dismissed, develops a sort of mystical loathing against all undiscovered malefactors. He seeks no personal revenge; rather sees himself as the instrument of a discerning providence for setting to rights injustices done by man. Bertrand, by now chairman of a huge shipping company, takes shape in Esch's mind as the evil symbol of a power which breaks strikes and imprisons strike-leaders. The late husband of the widow Hentjen, whom Esch by mere force has made his mistress, comes to typify the brutality and tyranny of the past. He strikes his blows for justice. Bertrand is driven to suicide; the portrait of Hentjen, on his widow's wall, to banishment.

And so to the final phase—*The Realist*, played during the last days of the war, when Imperial Germany was going under. This time the leading character is wholly of the post-war type—a plausible, resourceful, swindling Alsatian who has deserted from the army and found his way to a little town in the valley of the Moselle. In this town Esch is now editor of the local paper, and the Commandant—rigid, duty-doing, still seeking guidance from the vanished past—is the elderly Major Joachim von Pasenow. With these three as protagonists, and to the accompaniment of flames and mob violence which usher in the revolution, the mounting tragedy of a generation of sleepwalkers reaches its climax.

Technically, Herr Broch's book grows in complexity as it proceeds. *The Romantic* is straight narrative; *The Anarchist* virtually so; but the last section is constructed of several parallel narratives, then sections interpolated with chunks of elaborate and polysyllabic philosophy deliberately alien from any one of them. Though *The Sleepwalkers* is an absorbing and impressive book, it would be the better for a greater economy of words; and they are the semi-mystical, semi-philosophical interpolations which could least disastrously be cut.

Superficially, there could hardly be a greater contrast than between *The Sleepwalkers* and *Fabian*. Kästner's book, as those who read his charming *Emil and the Detectives* will expect, is graceful, vivid and distinguished. Even its bitter irony is shot with a gay, defiant humour which makes more pitiful the piteous tale it tells. And the hysterical but forlorn debauchery of the desperate, hopeless people of Berlin passes before our eyes. "Berlin," says Fabian, "so far as its inhabitants are concerned, has long since resembled a madhouse. In the east resides crime, in the centre roguery; poverty in the north and vice in the west; and ruin dwells at every point of the compass." "And what comes after ruin?" asks Cornelia. Fabian plucks a little twig that hangs over the railing and answers, "I am afraid imbecility." And imbecility has already come. No restraints, no principles, no ambitions, merely a frantic longing, in drink and sensuality, to find a few hours' forgetfulness. Through a desolate carnival of reckless, heartsick vice moves Fabian, the gentle cynic. If he tries to help, he is cheated; if he tastes at pleasure, it turns to ashes in his mouth; the end, thanks to a piece of selfless bravery, is death—and, crowning irony, death to no purpose.

It is impossible to explain *Fabian* to a public accustomed to dislike novels for their theme. The book has scenes of lust and harlotry, but is nevertheless the very antithesis of muck-raking. It is a poignant, almost an unbearable lament for murdered beauty. In the wasted garden of Fabian's idealism a few last flowers remain—the tender loveliness of his few days with Cornelia, the perfect understanding between him and his mother, his mortal grief after Labude's futile suicide. And, one by one, they are crushed into the dirt by the foot of a crazy fate.

This much, however, can be said—that the simultaneous appearance of *The Sleepwalkers* and *Fabian*, both admirably translated, offers a concentrated education in the tragic history of German national collapse. Read the former, and watch the remorseless coming of disaster. Slowly the old values are lost and forgotten; slowly new values are forming. The nation is groping in its sleep from one mind to another. Then comes the war. A dream of victory gives place to one of fear, that in turn to a nightmare of defeat. Germany wakes screaming, to a reality worse even than nightmare. "And after ruin? Imbecility." Wherefore the ravings of a lost generation go echoing down the lighted corridors of the asylum, which is the Berlin of *Fabian*.

Michael Sadleir.

THE FATED FIVE

The Brontës: Their Lives, Friendships and Correspondence. Edited by T. J. Wise and J. A. Symington. Four volumes. Blackwell. £3.

Patrick Brontë was born in 1777 and died in 1861; Charlotte, born in 1816, died in 1855; Patrick Branwell, born in 1817, died in 1848; Emily, born in 1818, died in 1848; Anne, born in 1820, died in 1849. The eldest child, Maria, who, through Charlotte's ardent affection, was the dominant member of that nursery of stubborn genius, had died in 1825 when she was twelve years old. The mere facts are terrible. No one, even without the evidence of the children's works, and of the letters here assembled in such alarming completeness, could fail to be startled at the grim old Irishman, in his Yorkshire parsonage, surviving in unexpected supremacy all his children. It is easy to make a drama out of the history. It is scarcely possible not to make a drama out of the lives and deaths of Branwell or Emily: for Branwell dramatised himself with the vigour and vanity of the drunkard, and Emily was forced into tragedy by circumstance, by her genius, and by some spiritual impulse, the emotional origin of which is still unknown and is likely to remain for ever unknown. Our knowledge of this amazing family we owe to two people. Charlotte herself and her friend Ellen Nussey; for Mrs. Gaskell, while aiding us to an imaginative interpretation of the Brontës, had to rely on her friend Charlotte and on Miss Nussey. As I read in these letters—there are more than three hundred new letters from Charlotte—I was struck once more by two governing facts in Charlotte's life: her devotion to the memory of Maria—it is this which gives force to Mrs. Gaskell's account of Cowan Bridge—and her contempt, almost contemptuous hatred, for her brother. Of the relations between Charlotte, Emily and Branwell we shall never know the whole truth; but there can be little doubt that Emily, who had the fiery tolerance of the poet, was profoundly wounded by Charlotte's treatment of and language about Branwell. Emily saw her brother as a great figure—a failure, a disgrace perhaps, but not ignoble or despicable. The shadow of her image of Branwell falls with threatening effect across *Wuthering Heights*; and it may be that her occasional suspicion that her imagination was wandering into fantasy, was the motive-power that drove to that mystical vision which is reflected in her poems. Mr. Wise and Mr. Symington say that "Branwell has been much maligned by Mrs. Gaskell and other biographers, mainly on the evidence contained in Charlotte's letters"; and appeal to the testimony of his friends. I am not satisfied with this. We should want better evidence as to the intelligence of Mr. Leyland and Mr. Phillips and Mr. Grundy, the last of whom recovered in the dying Branwell the youth whom he admired by the simple expedient of giving him brandy. The evidence which can be quoted in defence of Branwell is not the evidence of partial friends, writing to rebut a too-harsh sister's denigration: it is that Branwell inspired and heartened Emily, that for her he represented something romantic, something which spoke of nobility and aspiration in the dull routine of her life. For her he represented joy.

It is the strange joylessness of the Brontës' lives which infects all these volumes. For a few brief months, at the end of her life, Charlotte experienced a kind of resigned happiness. Before then there had been the dull business of conventional matrimonial proposals, and the hectic adoration for M. Heger. This joylessness seemed to be a duty to her. She wrapped it around her sisters and her brother, as though to protect them from ecstasy and all un-ordered experience. Her critical genius was never great; but it seems amazing that any one of her talents should have failed to recognise—and there is little question that she did so fail—the gulf which separated her work from Emily's. Is it possible that unconsciously this was the origin of her excessive severity to Branwell? Did she suspect in him a spiritual closeness to Emily, of which she dreaded the consequences? Did she see in Emily an untamed enthusiasm, a capacity for life she denied and dreaded for herself? That she distrusted enthusiasm, that she clung to conventionality, is evident in almost every letter she writes: but I think she deplored impulse, because she was tempted, not because she was secure. It is evident in her references to religion in the letters from Brussels. The bigoted Protestantism of her language is, even for the time, too excessive. The Hegers go to church—they are at "their idolatrous Messe." When, in agony and desperation, she goes to the confessional, and unburdens her heart to the tolerant priest, she must write of it as a prank. Charlotte, in fact, had a great deal of her father in her. She believed in discipline and duty for their own sakes; and it may be argued that this belief of hers did more to foster her own genius and her sisters' than would any degree of encouraging licence. Anne would no doubt have developed very much as she did in any circumstances; her gentle character had its complaints, and its grievances, but had no tremendous quarrel with the universe. Charlotte's own character did not find irksome to the exercise of her genius the conditions which were frequently intolerable to her temperament. Emily, with her feebler constitution and her more fiery nature, might have burned herself out, as Branwell did, had she not accepted the chains which could not enslave her spirit, and did give her animal life a semblance of security. More than all this, the Brontës' lives illustrate the great value to the artist of having something to fight with: their muscles grew stronger from rowing up stream than they could ever have done had they had the drift of the river with them. If Charlotte had enjoyed her governessing, what pages we should have missed! Had Emily been insensitive or lenient to Branwell's decline from the glory of his youth when she saw him "A being whose very presence blest Like gladsome summer-day," there would have been nothing of that dark night, that tremendous drama which she proclaimed in *Wuthering Heights*.

R. Ellis Roberts.

BLACK AND WHITE

Phil May. By James Thorpe. Harrap. 30s.

It is strange, considering the immense renown he enjoyed during his lifetime, that we have had to wait for nearly thirty years for a biography of Phil May. Mr. James Thorpe thinks so too, and when he tells us that he has attempted to fill the blank only because it had begun to look as if nobody else were inclined to do so, his modesty, I feel, ought to disarm criticism. Yet the blank remains. Mr. Thorpe's monograph is pleasantly written, and its illustrations are well produced, but he throws no new light on his subject, and after finishing his book I found that, except for a few excellent stories, I knew precisely as much—or as little—about that subject as I did before. Phil May disliked autobiography: concerning his early life and struggles he had the habit of agreeing with anything his more imaginative interviewers cared to suggest; and the portrait that emerges to-day, though amusing, is no more illuminating than those caricatures of himself he was so fond of sketching: in fact it is remarkably like them. The chief source of Mr. Thorpe's study has been A. G. Stephens' introduction to *Phil May in Australia*, which, in spite of its brevity, still remains the best account of the artist we have. From the same book he gets most of the material for his iconography, so that the debt is considerable. Other sources, I imagine, were the introductions to *A Phil May Picture Book*, and *The Phil May Album*; while the anecdotes come from contemporaries of the artist. But surely there must be something different in *kind* from all this—surely there must be letters. When we think of Layard's book on Charles Keene we realise how far short *this* book falls from what it might have been. One

MACMILLAN

J. L. Garvin — LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. Vol. 1. 21s. *net* (*ready Nov.* 29).

Lord Winterton — PRE-WAR: Reminiscences. 1904-1914. 10s. 6d. *net.*

Stephen Gwynn — LIFE OF MARY KINGSLEY. 12s. 6d. *net.*

Princess de Croÿ — WAR MEMORIES. 8s. 6d. *net.*

Sir Rennell Rodd — ROME of the Renaissance and To-day. Illustrated by Henry Rushbury, A.R.A. 25s. *net.*

Sir Reginald Blomfield — MEMOIRS OF AN ARCHITECT. 10s. 6d. *net.*

Sir Arthur Schuster — BIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENTS. 10s. 6d. *net.*

Canon Streeter — THE BUDDHA and THE CHRIST. Bampton Lectures 1932. 7s. 6d. *net.*

Lancelot Lawton — ECONOMIC HISTORY OF SOVIET RUSSIA. Two vols. 25s. *net.*

NOVELS AND POETRY

Hugh Walpole — THE FORTRESS. 10s. 6d. *net.* Leather 15s. *net.*
FOUR FANTASTIC TALES. 7s. 6d. *net.*
(Maradick at Forty—Prelude to Adventure—The Old Ladies—The Dark Circus. 936 pages).

Mazo de la Roche — LARK ASCENDING. 7s. 6d. *net.*

E. M. Delafield — EXPLORERS OF THE DAWN. *New Edition.* 7s. 6d. *net.*
THE PROVINCIAL LADY GOES FURTHER. 7s. 6d. *net.*

Edward Shanks — QUEER STREET. *Second Impression.* 7s. 6d. *net.*

Richmal Crompton — MARRIAGE OF HERMIONE. 7s. 6d. *net.*

Rudyard Kipling — ANIMAL STORIES from RUDYARD KIPLING. Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Stuart Tresilian. 6s. *net.*

Lewis Carroll — COLLECTED VERSE (*with hitherto unpublished poems*). 8s. 6d. *net.*
Fully illustrated by Tenniel, Harry Furniss, etc.

Duncan Fife — SCARLET, BLUE AND GREEN: Sporting Verse. Illustrated in colour and in black-and-white by Cecil Aldin. 10s. 6d. *net.*

MACMILLAN

must assume that Mr. Thorpe tried to obtain such material and failed.

Of the illustrations, some ten drawings are scattered through the text: a group of forty-eight "Drawings previously Produced" follows this: and another forty-six pages of "Drawings not hitherto Reproduced" completes the lot. But the description of the latter section is inaccurate; several at least of the drawings in it *have* been reproduced before. The *Study of an Old Woman* on page 166 appeared as a full page in the *Graphic*: the *Coster Girl's Head* on page 188 appeared (coloured) as the cover design of *A Phil May Medley*, and also in black and white. I have made no exhaustive collation, but other drawings I already possessed were the *Study of a Rustic* on page 158, the sketch for *In a Garrison Town* (p. 159), and the British Museum drawing, *That's Me When I'm Old* (p. 165).

What is more important, however, is that Mr. Thorpe's selection of drawings does enable the reader to follow the development of Phil May's technique. The early work is strongly influenced by Linley Sambourne; other influences only occur rarely, in a few isolated drawings, and once he has found his own method he is entirely original. Mr. Thorpe's book set me turning over my own collection of Phil May's published work. It took a long time; I had forgotten he had done so much; and though there are a good many pot-boilers the average is wonderfully high. He was not, to my mind, so great a humorist as Charles Keene, with whom Mr. Thorpe compares him; nor, in spite of the extraordinary beauty of his line, so great an artist. The few attempts he made at serious illustration are not comparable to Keene's, who is at least his equal as a draughtsman, and in addition, in his finest drawings, gets a beauty of tone and colour Phil May's method necessarily "left out." As for the humour, I cling to C.K. here too—in spite of Mr. Thorpe's repetition of the old complaint that he got many of his jokes from Crawhall. So he did; and from others also; the famous "bang went saxpence" came from John Gilbert via Birket Foster. But what matter? Keene's original jokes were quite as good. Besides, he invariably made what he borrowed his own: his humour was as individual as everything else about him.

Indeed, though both were attracted by the life of the streets and seem to have had a special sympathy with "drunks," that is perhaps all Phil May and Charles Keene had in common. Temperamentally they were at opposite poles. Keene's conception of his art was broader and deeper than May's. He drew pictures where Phil May sketched portraits. He loved his backgrounds and took endless pains over them; he loved to experiment in tones and to make his drawings on differently tinted scraps of paper and with variously shaded inks. And these experiments were made for their own sake, nobody knowing better than he did that half their beauty would be lost when they came to be translated by the wood engraver into plain black and white. Phil May, on the other hand, worked expressly for reproduction. His method was to make the drawing fully in pencil, and then placing a sheet of tracing-paper on this, go over it, leaving out all but the essential lines. From the tracing he made his pen drawing.

His work at its best—in the *Guttersnipes*, the *A.B.C.*, some of the drawings he made for the *Sketch* and the *Annuals*—was marvellously fresh, brilliant, and alive. It seemed easy to imitate and yet nobody imitated it successfully. It won him almost immediately a fame and popularity which Charles Keene never attained. But our admiration need not blind us to its limitations, and when Mr. Thorpe writes: "With his theatrical knowledge and experience, what a treasure he might have made of an illustrated edition of Shakespeare's comedies!" we answer emphatically "No." The astonishing view that theatrical experience could be anything but a drawback in such a connection may be passed over. Quite apart from this, the task was definitely outside Phil May's range. Mr. Stephens, who appreciated his talent as much as anybody, comes closer to the truth in the last words of his essay: "Loosely to phrase it, if the eye and hand were an artist's, the brain was a *gamin's*. One could almost say that Phil May's impression of objects went no deeper than his eye. But his hand was miraculous."

And in fact it was because he himself knew what he could and could not do that Phil May achieved his own kind of perfection. It is when the *gamin* is uppermost that he is most successful—when he is re-creating from memory the gay irresponsible life of his own boyhood in the back streets of Leeds. At twelve years old he was plunged into that rough world to sink or swim, and though he left it behind him in one sense, it remained till the end the world he knew, and perhaps loved, best.

Forrest Reid.

MACAULAY

Macaulay. By Arthur Bryant. Peter Davies. 5s.

This little biography is a skilful condensation of and selection from a great mass of material, and a just and lively presentation of the results of much study. Mr. Bryant one might guess, from his life of Charles II, to have a Tory bias; Macaulay one might guess, from indications something similar, to have had a Whig bias. But the biographer does not let this difference make him unfair; he writes with sympathy and affection for the brilliant, prejudiced, romantic historian who saw history through such different glasses. "Macaulay was too honest a man," writes Mr. Bryant, "to be perpetually unjust, even to Tories. . . . Like his own ranks of Tuscany, he could scarce forbear to cheer at whatever struck him as noble in his opponents." The same may be said of his newest biographer. He has studied, with much profit to his book, Macaulay's letters and private journals now in Trinity College, Cambridge (used and quoted *in extenso* by Sir George Trevelyan, but never printed in full), and also a number of his vast library of books, with their pencilled marginal notes; for Macaulay, like many of his excitable literary generation, was wont to adorn with comments books both great and trifling (it is to be hoped, but without conviction, only those which were his property).

The early life of this so prodigiously precocious and bookish, but so attractively eager and spirited, child and youth is well, if necessarily briefly, pictured. But Mr. Bryant does not quite, I think, accurately or justly present Zachary, the historian's father. He speaks of "proud rigidity," "meaningless tyranny," and his repressive ways with his children, and seems to picture the home as melancholy and restrained. The contrary, surely, was the case. It was a home life not only of liberal culture (Zachary and his wife were both people of strong literary interests, and he of cosmopolitan literary and political friendships as well), but of cheerful freedom and quite unceasing talk. There were nine clever and conversational children, the constant visits of equally conversational cousins and friends—Babingtons, Steppers, Wilberforces and the rest. "Never was such a flow of talk as in that house," wrote someone, "and almost all of it about books and the characters in books." The quiet Zachary and his vivacious wife listened to and talked with their children with sympathy. If she occasionally exhorted them to "be quiet for a little, and let your father and me have some peace," he replied, "Let our children talk, Selina. We shall know them better by what comes out than by what stays in"—a remark likely, certainly, to induce some self-consciousness in the children, but not that of a repressive tyrant. His sons always spoke of their father's singular judiciousness in not trying to maintain authority as they grew up. A firm Tory, like most of his friends, he viewed Tom's youthfully violent Cambridge radicalism with some alarm, but without rancour. There was a certain likeness between the two so different men. The father had some of that prodigious gift of memory: while the omniverous appetite for literature which had been the predominant characteristic of the studious Scottish divines who had been his ancestors for a century, and who had been, for the most part, not only readers but writers, had not passed him by. His own account of his early self might almost have been written of his son. His "strong passion for literature," he recorded, was "by no means confined to the dead languages, for my father had a large collection of books, and my appetite for them was insatiable. There were few of the English classics which I had not read. I was besides an eager hunter after that sort of anecdote wherewith ephemeral publications abound. . . . Having a good memory, though very little judgment, and a great share of conceit and assumption, I was in the habit of obtruding my remarks whatever the subject of conversation was." Young Zachary also yielded to tastes which his son unrepentantly and all his life indulged, for "new plays . . . and such abominable but fascinating works as are to be found under the head of novels in every circulating library"; he owned himself still, in his adult years, under the spell of Fanny Burney, Smollett and Fielding. Finally, "to my other defects I accordingly added something of the romantic and extravagant." All this, though condemned by himself in his regenerate later life, must have been still in him to link him with his "dram-drinking" children.

As for young Tom, Mr. Bryant gives a sympathetic and witty picture of him, as a book-intoxicated, imaginative child (whom his parents and Hannah More tried conscientiously, but no doubt vainly, not to spoil) and as eager, classic-soaked boy at school

BARBUSSE
ON
ZOLA

'You cannot fail to find this book vital and stimulating. It is furiously alive.' —HUGH DE SELINCOURT (*Everyman*)

'M. Barbusse has brought Zola and his days very close to us.'—TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

'A fine and forceful biography.'—ROGER PIPPETT (*Daily Herald*)

'Here is all the emotion and mood of that day. Daudet, Merimée, Maupassant, the Goncourts, Flaubert and Cezanne re-live in this book.'—SHANE LESLIE (*Daily Telegraph*)

ZOLA. By Henri Barbusse. Illus. 10/6

ANOTHER 'JUNGLE BOOK'?

LEAP—HOME AND GENTLEBRAWN
Written and Illustrated by Frieda Das. 7/6

'Her book is a rare achievement, to be placed in the same category as the Jungle Books. Mrs. Das's monkeys *are* monkeys. The book is full of illuminating sidelights on Indian village life and on many denizens of the jungle. It is a book that certainly should not be missed. None of the charming drawings can fail to cast their spell over both adults and children.'
—CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

THE ROAD TO RUIN IN EUROPE

SIR RAYMOND BEAZLEY

Everyone who is interested in the hotly debated question of the causes of the War should welcome this lucid, concise book. It is an authoritative sketch of the pre-War history, 1890–1914, by the Professor of History at Birmingham University, who has studied the subject deeply for over twelve years, and whose theories and facts will reveal much to the inquiring 'layman.' 3/6

J. M. DENT & SONS LTD.

CLENNELL WILKINSON'S

Bonnie Prince Charlie

has been praised by G. K. CHESTERTON, JOHN BUCHAN, J. C. SQUIRE, SYLVIA LYND, *and other well-known critics, and is recommended by the Book Society. 2nd Impression.* 8/6 *net.*

"A remarkable production for its price. . . . His account of the Rising is not only a piece of clear, full and accurate narrative; it is a piece of genuine history, imaginative without being fanciful."—*Times Lit. Supp.*

Phil May

Master-Draughtsman and Humorist

By JAMES THORPE. *With* 106 *examples of May's work (of which* 46 *have not previously been published) and* 14 *other illustrations. Demy* 4*to.* 30/- *net.**

"A welcome book. We see the nineties, and moving through that boisterous decade we see May as he was—generous, frail Phil May."—HOWARD SPRING (*Evening Standard*).

"No one who looks over the illustrations in Mr. Thorpe's sympathetic volume can fail to recognise the genius it commemorates."—*Morning Post.*

Modes and Manners

Vol. I. From the Decline of the Ancient World to the Renaissance.

Vol. II. The Sixteenth Century.

By MAX VON BOEHN. *Translated by Joan Joshua. Fully illustrated in colour and half-tone.* 21/- *net each.**

A survey of the religious, political, cultural and artistic forces in play at each period supplies a historical background to the main theme of fashions, in which the author presents, not a history of costume, but a simple picture of changes in the dress of the better classes of society as depicted in the art of the day.

British Drama

By Prof. ALLARDYCE NICOLL. *New Edition, revised, and with the later chapters rewritten and brought up to* 1932. 10/6 *net.*

Australia

Human and Economic

By ARTHUR JOSE. *Illustrated.* 10/6 *net.**

"An able work, estimable in its detachment and in the sense of proportion the author has observed in handling masses of informative matter."—*Times Lit. Supp.* (whole column review).

Everyman's Wireless

By C. L. BOLTZ. *Fully illustrated.* 7/6 *net.**

Written by a practising instructor of wireless in a L.C.C. Men's Institute, this book is for the intelligent amateur who is not afraid of a little simple mathematics. It is essentially practical, and has been highly praised in *World Radio*, *The Wireless World*, etc.

* *Prospectus from* 39 *Parker St., London, W.C.*2

HARRAP

and Cambridge, writing home to soothe his parents' anxiety at his revolutionary views:

> Whatever the affectionate alarm of my dear mother may lead her to apprehend, I am not one of the sons of anarchy and confusion with whom she classes me. My opinions were learnt not from Hunt and Waithman, but from Cicero, from Tacitus, and from Milton.

Of his later life, as Edinburgh reviewer, brilliant young politician, Indian administrator, historian, poet, delightful brother and uncle, prodigious breakfast talker (nothing more clearly reveals our ancestors' stupendous vitality than those breakfast parties of theirs), Mr. Bryant sketches a careful and lively portrait. The details in which he is probably a little astray are not important. The picture is drawn with comprehension and from within, thanks to the liberal use of the diaries and letters. It would have been interesting had he amplified the excellent political sections by discussing the origins of his subject's extreme Whiggery. Though, after all, these are perhaps obvious enough, since it was the fashion of the day for clever young literary men. Then, too, the Campbell Whiggery ran in his blood; and the orthodox (though intelligent) Toryism of his immediate forebears—his father the abolitionist, his uncles the antiquarian vicar and the Indian general—probably inclined him to the opposite colour, just as their Evangelicalism probably increased his bored distaste for Puritanism and other religious ardours. Most of him can be explained by either inheritance or rearing. In his blood was scholarship and bibliomania, a passion for history, romantic imagination and sensibility (to the end of his life he wept over books and plays) and perhaps a touch of something which his contemporary cousins called "the lying spirit of the Macaulays." From his education came the ultra-classical mould in which his thoughts were cast; from his childhood the somewhat overwhelming loquacity, the tendency to hold the floor, which annoyed those who liked to hold some of it themselves. The eldest of an all-talking family, he had to talk loudest and fastest; the petted, though carefully disciplined, wonder-child of his parents and their admiring, indulgent friends, the prize scholar of a school unusually full of scholars, the undergraduate sweeping up honours in his stride, it would have been strange had not this most affectionate and generous of men grown up a little overbearing both with tongue and pen. His friend Ellis noticed that he continued to talk fluently and intelligently even after he had fallen asleep, when his companions might have supposed that now at last they had a chance.

Mr. Bryant has made of all this a spirited, readable and sympathetic book, which might persuade even those who least like his subject's now so unfashionable politics to like the man himself.

Rose Macaulay.

THE MATHEMATICS OF MRS. WATSON

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson. By H. W. Bell. Constable. 15s.

Sherlock Holmes, Fact or Fiction. By Thomas Blakeney. Murray. 2s. 6d.

It is pleasant to notice that interest in the Holmes-problem is reviving. Here are two monographs published almost simultaneously, Mr. Bell's *Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson* and Mr. Blakeney's *Sherlock Holmes, Fact or Fiction*. It is a pity that neither should have been published in a form which appeals to scholars; neither is provided with an index; so that cross-reference is a work of infinite labour. Both authors seem to accept as genuine fact, not only the preposterous episodes of *The Return*, but the futile insipidities of *The Case Book* and *His Last Bow*. Much ink is consequently wasted over the supposed "second" and "third" marriages of Watson. "One forces oneself," as M. Piff-pouff says, "to make a Bluebeard of Watson that one may make of Holmes a Rip van Winkle." Apart from this, Mr. Blakeney's treatment is on the whole sane and conservative, welcome evidence of a return to truer standards. Mr. Bell is still tangled in the hopeless web spun by Mr. S. C. Roberts and Mr. Desmond MacCarthy. He dates the *Sign of Four* 1887, and consequently his whole monograph is a juggling feat. For myself, though I have been misrepresented on this point, I have always claimed 1888 as the true date, and that conclusion stands as unshakable to-day as it did twenty years ago.

Our problem in dating the *Sign of Four* is threefold. We must determine, if possible, the month, the day of the week, and the year of the occurrence. All three questions are intensely involved.

(a) *The Month.*—Mr. Blakeney gives us July 7; the date of the post-mark on Thaddaeus Sholto's letter, making an assignation for that night, which is kept (p. 16).* Mr. Bell, with equal confidence, gives us September 7, a Wednesday in that year; he bases his view on the statement in Ch. II (p. 21) that "it was a September evening." He has been astute enough to notice the oysters on Holmes' menu (p. 88) as indicating September. The grouse, too, would be impossible in July: so would the fog. But it is characteristic of his method that he does not stop to consider how "July" can have been the date on Sholto's letter, and have passed the scrutiny of a Holmes without comment. Still less does he look about him for other indications which tell against his own hypothesis; let me present him with some. "It had just struck three on the Palace Clock" when Watson came back to Pondicherry Lodge with the invaluable Toby. Holmes climbs out on to the roof and down a water pipe, and the chase starts; "the east had been gradually whitening, and we could now see some distance in the cold grey light" (pp. 59, 60). Was this meant to be on Sept. 8, when the sun rises at 5.24, or on July 8, when the sun rises at 3.53? Still more serious; in the final chase, Holmes and his party board their launch at Westminster Bridge "a little past seven" (p. 89); they have to be at Jacobson's Yard before eight (p. 92). "As we passed the City the last rays of the sun were gilding the cross upon the summit of St. Paul's" (p. 93). That cross is, to be sure, 365 feet above the ground, but this does not involve any considerable time-interval. On September the 10th the sun sets at 6.27; on July 10th it sets at 8.14. Here it seems that an intervening date is indicated, some time in August. July and September are alike impossible. I would add that on p. 84 Athelney Jones says it is "very hot for the time of year," which rules out July and August, and can hardly be considered a natural remark to make during the early part of September. I agree with Mr. Bell that the balance of probabilities is in favour of September; but difficulties must be faced, not shirked, and there is a great deal of work to be done on the *Sign of Four* before we can afford to say light-heartedly "That the month was September is evident."

(b) *The day of the week.*—In any case, I do not see what right Mr. Bell has to choose September 7 as the date of Miss Morstan's appearance at Baker Street. Once you have given up July 7, you cannot pretend to know anything about the day of the month. And Mr. Bell's treatment of this minor problem is falsified by a startling inaccuracy.† He says that the action of the story "is from the afternoon of the 7th until the night of the 8th." Let him go back to his original, and he will find that Watson had twice breakfasted (pp. 80, 82) between the afternoon following the murder and the afternoon of the final chase. The embarkation at Westminster Bridge took place *three whole days* after the meeting outside the Lyceum Theatre. If the former date was a Wednesday, the latter must have been a Saturday. If it was a Saturday, how are men "coming away from work in the yard" between seven and eight, swarming (we are told) in the gas-light (p. 94)? Worse, Holmes' advertisement for Mordecai Smith (clearly preserved *verbatim* in Watson's notes) describes him as having left home at three on Tuesday morning. On Mr. Bell's showing it should have been Thursday. In actual fact, Miss Morstan called at Baker Street, it would seem, on a Monday, and Jonathan Small was captured the following Thursday. If Monday was September 7, then the year would be 1885, which, as we shall see, is impossible. No, the day of the month—Mr. Bell must pardon me for insisting on it—cannot be determined.

(c) *The year of the occurrence.*—The evidence on this head is well summed up by Mr. Blakeney, who declares for 1888. Mr. Bell, who belongs to the 1887 school, is far less lucid and less accurate in his presentation. He begins by assuring us that "Father Ronald Knox . . . selects the year 1889." Let him buy my book, the title of which is *Essays* (not *Studies*) *in Satire*, and he will find that I have explicitly dated the story 1888. He should not depend upon second-hand authorities, Mr. Roberts or another. There is no real doubt about the 1888 dating. Miss Morstan

* References throughout are to the Memorial Edition of the Holmes Stories.

† Mr. Bell's analysis of the "time occupied" should always be received with great caution. He makes the *Naval Treaty* occupy twenty-four hours, instead of forty-eight.

BUTTERWORTH

THOUGHTS AND ADVENTURES

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

One is perpetually amazed by the fullness of Mr. Churchill's life.

His vivid personality stamps every page, whether giving his reminiscences as a Grenadier in the trenches, talking to the ex-Kaiser at manœuvres, learning to fly or giving his views on the Irish Treaty, the Sidney Street Battle, modern cartoonists, etc.

2nd Impression printing 18s. net

THE CONQUEST OF THE SOUTH POLE

1906-1931

J. CORDON HAYES
Author of "Antarctica," etc.

This record of noble endeavour deals with the various expeditions of Scott, Shackleton, Amundsen and the other explorers from 1906 to 1931. The author has had access to much new material from the diaries of these famous men. Dr. H. R. Mill contributes an Introduction.

Beautifully Illustrated from photographs by H. G. Ponting and others 18s. net

15 BEDFORD ST. LONDON W.C.2

EARLY LIVES OF MILTON
Edited, with an introduction, by Helen Darbishire, Principal of Somerville College
Illustrated. 18s. net

EARLY MEDIAEVAL FRENCH LYRICS
By Claude Colleer Abbott 15s. net

THE WANDERING SCHOLARS
By Helen Waddell. 7s. 6d. net
Revised edition, with bibliography and chronological table

THE REAL EAST END
By Thomas Burke. With 16 lithographs by Pearl Binder reproduced by gravure and several line illustrations 8s. 6d. net

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE COMEDY
By Francis Bickley. With 16 half-tone illustrations 10s. net

SHERLOCK HOLMES & DR. WATSON
A Chronology of their Adventures by H. W. Bell. *500 copies only* 15s. net

The History of a Thousand Years
FRANCE AND GERMANY
By Prof. Johannes Haller 7s. 6d. net

A classic up to date
THE GROWTH OF MODERN ENGLAND
By Gilbert Slater 15s. net

ALSO

PLANNED MONEY
by
SIR BASIL P. BLACKETT 5s. net
Director of the Bank of England
Presents with refreshing vigour and admirable lucidity the case for a thorough-going reconsideration of prevailing opinions regarding currency and the international standard.

FICTION

Second Impression
PUBLIC FACES
By Harold Nicolson 7s. 6d. net

Back again—at 3s. 6d.
NO FRIENDLY DROP
By Henry Wade 3s. 6d. net
Times Literary Supplement:—"Its excellence justifies the expense and trouble which Mr. Wade and his publishers have incurred in order that it should once more have the circulation it deserves."

And a new "Wade"
THE HANGING CAPTAIN
By Henry Wade 7s. 6d. net

THE BROKEN MEN
By Val Gielgud,
author of *Imperial Treasure*, etc. 7s. 6d. net

Constable

was seventeen in 1878, and at the time of the story Watson reflects "she must be seven-and-twenty now" (p. 18). "On such matters," writes M. Papier-Mâché, "one does not deceive oneself." The 4th of May, 1882, is "about six years ago" (p. 15), and December 3, 1878, is "nearly ten years ago" (*ibidem*). Watson refers to Sholto's first letter as written six years ago (p. 20), and Holmes assumes that the treasure-seekers were six years at work (p. 39). It was left for Mr. Desmond MacCarthy to point out a difficulty which several authors, including Mr. Roberts and Mr. Bell, have thought fatal. If the first pearl was sent in May, 1882, then by the summer of 1888 Miss Morstan should have received seven, not six!

Mr. Blakeney's explanation, that there were seven pearls although only six were exhibited (p. 15) will not do. There were twelve pearls in the chaplet, Small tells us (p. 121), and the Sholtoes were not the men to give back more than half to their co-heiress. No, the source of the error is manifest. The advertisement appeared, the first pearl was sent, in May 1883—not 1882. Miss Morstan's error was a natural one; she counted the years, wrongly, by the pearls, and said that the first pearl arrived "six years ago." Then, calculating back from 1888, she made the year 1882: the result of calculation, not of memory. Holmes accepted her statement, and even regarded it as a "suggestive fact" that the first pearl was sent within a week after Sholto's death (p. 19). He should have said "a blank impossibility." Why did neither he nor Mr. Desmond MacCarthy reflect that before they started throwing the pearls about the Sholto brothers had to *prove the will*? As a matter of fact, nothing was done in a hurry. "For weeks and for months we dug and delved in every part of the garden . . . Over this chaplet my brother and I had some little discussion . . . It was all I could do to persuade him to let me find out Miss Morstan's address and send her a detached pearl at fixed intervals" (p. 33). Surely nobody reading those words would believe, as Mr. MacCarthy wants us to believe, that Sholto died on Friday, April 28th, and by Thursday the first pearl reached its destination!

Watson married at the end of October, 1888. A few weeks before this Lord Robert St. Simon (who had apparently been given a barony as "Lord St. Simon" in recognition of his public services, since both titles are used), is described as "41 years of age" (p. 236). Naturally enough, if he was born in December, 1846. MacCarthy and his followers are barking up the wrong tree when they try to make a mystery out of this. Some time after the marriage comes *A Scandal in Bohemia* (p. 1). The year given, 1888, is plainly a misprint; for as Mr. Bell himself points out, the day was a Thursday, and March 20 (p. 2); March 20 was a Tuesday in 1888, a Thursday, therefore, in 1890. Meanwhile, as Mr. Blakeney points out, the year 1888 must be taken as the year of the marriage if we are to arrange the other stories in their true chronological order; he mentions five cases of the kind; "Mr. MacCarthy's dating of the *Sign of Four* . . . clashes with every other date in the record." Thus, *The Engineer's Thumb* is explicitly dated "the summer of '89, not long after my marriage"; Mr. Bell solves this difficulty by amending "'89" to "'88"!

The only real puzzle is *The Five Orange Pips*. There can be no doubt at all that the date of this is September, 1887 (p. 114). When Holmes says, "I have been beaten . . . three times by men and once by a woman," this does not prove, as Mr. Bell thinks, that the story comes after *A Scandal in Bohemia*, and therefore *a fortiori* after the marriage. "When he refers to Irene Adler . . . it is always under the honourable title of *the* woman" (p. 27); "*a* woman" must be somebody else. The year was 1887; yet we read (p. 106) "my wife was away on a visit to her mother's." (So runs the text in the *Strand Magazine*, and again in the definitive Complete Edition.) There can be no doubt, however, that the note is the gloss of an ignorant scholiast. Mrs. Watson's mother died when she was young (p. 14 in *The Sign of Four*). "One forgets many things" observes M. Piff-pouff with his usual shrewdness, "but the death of one's mother-in-law, not."

This article has necessarily dealt for the most part with points of detail. I can find no more fitting words to conclude it with than those of the veteran Sauwosch: "It is not to be feared that the Holmes-problem is a mine which suffers from a diminishing-returns law. Watson has this genius, that, however deeply we probe his work, he has always fresh inconsistencies to reveal, which will be the basis of fresh theories. That is good; yes."

Ronald A. Knox.

VERSE-BALLET

Lyric Plays. By Gordon Bottomley. Constable. 5s.

It is three years since Mr. Bottomley published his *Scenes and Plays*, a group of one-act plays in verse. His new collection carries on the experiment of dramatising the curious conflict of abstractions, and the success of the effort is astonishing. For would even a reader—and audience—well acquainted with the work of Yeats, Synge, Lady Gregory, and Austin Clarke, expect to find a poet triumphing over the difficulty of bringing on to the stage such figures as the Spirit of Place, the moving sands of Culbin, mountain mists, historical emanations, the souls of folk-songs, and of giving them movement, voice, and volition?

Mr. Bottomley does these things, and with a poetic fervour and flight of imagination that reminds one of the genius that wrote *Prometheus Unbound*.

Each one of the six plays in this book has an intensity of situation, and is impregnated with an atmosphere of terror and wild, sometimes almost insane, beauty. It is not easy to say where these qualities reside. They overhang the plays as overtones gather above bell-music. From time to time they become half tangible, so that the eye can take them at a critical moment in the movement of the play or the collision of two embodied ideas or moods; or they become audible in the word-music of the verse. It is only in this latter revelation that the literary critic can illustrate the discovery. To realise the former, the reader must read the plays in their entirety. Of that I shall speak in a moment.

The technique, the craft, of the verse is delightful, and so subtle that only fellow-practitioners and verse-speakers will appreciate Mr. Bottomley's skill. He has infinite devices to make for a perfect sounding of his lines. His rhythms are always speech-rhythms; but he adapts and accentuates, and sometimes even distorts, them so cunningly by use of emphasised and patterned caesura, by tricks of changed tempo with the spondee and its effect of syncopation; by the more normal devices of rhyme and assonance breaking across the pulse, that the ear of the reader is charmed, and made to entertain, without surprise, a diction that at times becomes as formal as the gestures of a ballet-dance.

Thus prepared, the reader can become also a spectator, and watch the final development of Mr. Bottomley's art, which is the adaptation of verse-speaking to the movements of the ballet, the two fitting as perfectly as do the dance and percussion sounds in Stravinsky's *Les Noces*. In one of the plays—which is pure ballet—this experiment is carried to perfection. The scene is a double-peaked mountain. The two peaks speak in chorus and antiphony, proclaiming their eternal stillness and silence. An eagle enters, bearing a human child between her wings. She is exulting over her find, intending to feed her young with this prize, the most beautiful thing on earth. The mountain voices warn her, and she is hidden from sight by a chorus of mountain mist (eight veiled women in grey) who also break into antiphony such as this:

> For stillness is not my nature's command,
> Nor my greatest delight.
> I am supple; I coil; in strand within strand
> I weave, like birds that are taking flight
> Yet never leave each other, like boughs
> That interlace and part but to blossom,
> Like swirling lines of light in the bosom
> Of changing water that ever unite
> And part and weave as it flows.

Then the mother of the child enters, and the mists envelope her. She entreats them; they part, gather again, breaking thus upon her frenzied search, each interruption adding more to her agony and to the tensity of the dramatic situation, at the same time creating a dance-mime scene of enchanting patterns whose maze is a perfect expression of the struggle, while the music of their broken lines, tossed in mocking words, succeeds only in lifting up the mother's voice to the mountain heights, where ultimately she is to follow and find her child, and subdue the eagle by the force of love. The whole effect is so convincing that one feels Mr. Bottomley has added a new art-form to literature.

The modernist, concerned mainly with fashion, will object that all this sort of work is out-moded, that it is too remote from the problems of to-day, which demand a more robust art, a communistic art based on the needs of our grotesque political economy. He will sneer at the fact that Mr. Bottomley lives a

GRAYSON & GRAYSON

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE
Compiled by ANTHONY HASLAM

A tribute from the poets of Great Britain and the Dominions to the spirit of Empire and the Motherland throughout the ages, from Chaucer to Kipling. *Ready Shortly.* 512 *Pages.* 6s.

A HUMBLE FISHERMAN
By MORLEY ROBERTS

Simple, autobiographic essays on the art, craft and philosophy of fishing by an author who for very many years has given genuine pleasure and enjoyment to innumerable readers.
Illustrated. Just Published. 10s. 6d.

A CANDLE TO THE STARS
By W. R. TITTERTON

Pen portraits of living celebrities, including George Bernard Shaw, G. K. Chesterton, John Masefield, Marie Tempest, Augustus John, H. G. Wells, etc., etc., by a master in the art of literary portraiture. *Ready November 18th.* 10s. 6d.

BURMA AND BEYOND
By SIR J. GEORGE SCOTT, K.C.I.E.

TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT: "An informative and important book . . . There can be nothing but praise for the manner in which Sir George has done his work . . . which will assuredly take its place . . . as a standard work."
Illustrated. Just Published. 18s.

THE LIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES OF AUSTRIA
By HERBERT VIVIAN

TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT: "Extremely readable. Much of what he has written has the quality of a stirring historical novel. The book abounds in sprightly passages . . . brilliantly written." *Illustrated.* 18s.

THE SWORD OF GOD
By GUY ENDORE

E. H. CARR in the **SPECTATOR:** "Mr. Endore tells . . . the classical story of Joan of Arc . . . with a gusto, here and there with a spice of jauntiness, which contrasts not unpleasantly with the pseudo-profundities of Mr. Shaw and the pseudo-simplicities of Mr. Belloc." *Illustrated.* 18s.

RELIGION IN A CHANGING WORLD
By A. H. SILVER

The Rev. R. BIRCH HOYLE in the **BRITISH WEEKLY:** "This bracing, heartening book . . . may be warmly commended." 5s.

FICTION. 7/6.

THE SINGERS by LEONHARD FRANK
GREAT DUST by PETER TRAILL
BUSH GYPSIES by ANTHONY PARSONS
TIGER BAYOU By NEVIL HENSHAW
LITTLE COMFORT by GEORGE MANNING-SANDERS
THE NOTTING HILL MURDER by CLIVE RYLAND
WHITE PAGAN by CLIVE DALTON
THE LITTLE GOLDEN CALF by ILYA ILF and EUGENE PETROV

CURZON ST., MAYFAIR

CASSELL

THE MEMOIRS OF SATAN

by

William Gerhardi

and Brian Lunn

7/6 net

HILAIRE BELLOC

Napoleon

"There are many passages of marvellously vivid narrative; no one can excel Mr. Belloc in making visible a historic scene. And there is a great deal of noble prose." — J. C. SQUIRE in the *Sunday Times.* 16/- net.

Wordsworth-like life of fantastic isolation, that forgets how humiliating to the individual, especially to the ego of the poet, are our democratic mob-moods with their "talkie" and "radio" art. But I think Mr. Bottomley will hold his own against such sneers. The content of his verse alone will be sufficient refutation of such facile criticism. Lines such as

> It is always man's last insult to forgive.

and

> When hope has been kindled it is not put out like a light:
> It sets and rises like the older stars.

and

> The mother breathes on the last ember
> Of youth that in her shivering heart
> Troubles her with its warmth, to start
> A vanished Spring to life and pain.
> She takes thought, she is young again.

suggest that here is no artificer fiddling on from a decadent and pessimistic age, finding devices to escape from an environment that no longer exists, while his eyes cannot see that the Rome of to-day is burning. Even though that conflagration is enveloping us, human nature remains the same, still unappeased, still craving after a dream that is real enough to survive many a rebuilt Rome. Mr. Bottomley's verse is full of that greedy dream.

Richard Church.

THE SOCIAL ORDER

Studies in Sociology. By Morris Ginsberg. Methuen. 6s.

Sociology has had a hard struggle in this country to establish itself. History, biology, psychology, anthropology, philosophy, have regarded it with some suspicion as a trespasser upon their respective fields, or as arrogating an intellectual position to which its actual achievements did not entitle it. In the opening chapters of his valuable book Professor Ginsberg with patient skill marks out the exact claim for sociology, discussing its scope and method. The web of social relationships in society, as he sees it, is essentially a psychical structure, though the organic connection between body and mind brings in physical conditions as relevant material to all social activities. Early in his exposition he repudiates the idea of a group-mind as distinct from the mind of individuals. "In so far as society is supra-individual it is not a mind, or a sum or resultant of minds, but a relational complex of a distinctive kind."

The difficulty which some readers will encounter in these early chapters is not a fault of the writer, but is inherent in the complexity of a situation where an abstract terminology tends to lose its edge and degenerate into verbiage. An extremely interesting treatment of "social purpose" shows how difficult it is to distinguish the sense of "purpose" as conscious choice and deliberate control, from the subtler play of "tendency," *nisus*, *conation* and other "urges" towards an end which is seldom, if ever, the object of clear conscious aim. These linguistic difficulties are best illustrated by what I believe to be a quite sound description of evolution "as a process in which the potentialities of a continuant are realised predominantly by way of immanent causality and to a relatively minor extent by way of transeunt causality."

The central part of the book deals in a most profitable way with the relations of instinct, emotion and intelligence in the direction of individual and social activities. Professor Ginsberg shows that instincts are not blind, but always carry some element of interest and prospective reference and that their tensions and repressions evoke emotions. The widespread tendency, not only of behaviourists but of many other psychologists, to represent human conduct as motivated entirely by the play of specific interests is repudiated in favour of determination by the needs of the personality as a whole. Both intellectualism and morality are derived not from specific instincts of curiosity and sociality, but from "the massive organisation of all our impulses" under the governance of what is in various degrees a rational personality.

These sections of the book are devoted to establishing Sociology on a firm, intelligible foundation as a science. The last section shows by illustration the profitable application of this science to one or two of the most important controversial issues of our age. A keen critical study of the Galtonian case for the inheritance of mental characters exposes the weakness of the statistical and other evidences upon which it rests. But while it is doubtless true that "There would appear to be no satisfactory evidence of the inheritance of special abilities when they have been investigated by modern methods," I think many readers will continue to hold that there is a larger element of heredity in genius and talent than Professor Ginsberg here concedes. His general verdict, "We must . . . deny that it has been shown that mental characters are inherited in the same way or with the same intensity as physical characters" seems to imply a degree of separation between body and mind and the parts they respectively play in the activities of life which is open to question. It must, however, be admitted that education and environment will play a much larger part in moulding mental than physical heredity.

The arrogant claims for Eugenics by some of its adherents are justly exposed in the last of these studies. These claims affect to show that a mental and physical deterioration of character is due to social policies which repress the struggles leading to "survival of the fittest" by preserving and encouraging the proliferation of the unfit. Professor Ginsberg destroys the assumption that business or social success can, under the actual conditions of restricted mobility and inequalities of economic opportunity, be regarded as evidence of personal fitness. Nor is success a right index of personal worth, in a struggle where "gentleness, tolerance, broadmindedness, strength of affections, width and delicacy of taste might well stand in the way of the climber in the business or professional world."

Professor Ginsberg has put together a most valuable book, full of closely informed and profitable thinking.

J. A. Hobson.

A TOUCH OF FEVER

First Lesson. By James Aston. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.
Wanton Boys. By Richard Oke. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.
Flowering Wilderness. By John Galsworthy. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
The Narrow Corner. By W. Somerset Maugham. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
Three People and One God. By V. Colquhoun Bell. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
First Night. By Lorna Rea. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
The Seraphim Room. By Edith Olivier. Faber. 7s. 6d.
The Middle Generation. By J. D. Beresford. Collins. 7s. 6d.
The Roving Eye. By H. Pakington. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.
The Provincial Lady Goes Further. By E. M. Delafield. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

No good, let alone great, work of imagination has ever been produced by a man with a normal temperature. There are great sub-normal artists—Pater, for instance, and Proust; but most of the creative work in the arts has been made by people with a touch of fever. That touch can be simulated, unfortunately. Just as the malingerer can pop his thermometer into his tea, so the desperately normal artist can induce a temperature by popping his instrument into sex, or psychology, or the South Seas, or any kind of fashionable gossip. Of these, in spite of their gifts, are Mr. Aston and Mr. Oke. Each has tried to catch something carried on the South Wind; but try as they may for genuine heat of passion and cynicism they only contrive to get a little Waugh-m. They have a few fever symptoms; but the rash justifies no isolation from the other clever people who have read Douglas, and believe there is necessary excitement in a character nor man nor woman. Stale are the uses of perversity; and we cannot be more than respectfully aware of Mr. Aston's ingenuity in describing his Cambridge Don's erotic adventures, and of Mr. Oke's gentle nihilism and Peacockian nomenclature. Sadly and efficiently boring are his Littlemuch, Penbuttocke, Hunt-Ball, Hellrymple and Sir Kensal Rise.

Our two oldest novelists—Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Maugham—have no doubt never learned a great deal these ingenuous youngsters forgot in their dame's school; and how well they manage without that pupillary precocity. Each has the sacred touch of fever. Each is so experienced that he knows how to use his moments of high temperature; and, when it is right, infect us with the divine disease. Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Maugham both derive, as imaginative artists, from the author whom an old-fashioned, Bibliolatrous generation called Solomon. Mr. Galsworthy was trapped by the vision of the *Canticles;* Mr. Maugham has never escaped from the superb disillusionment of *Ecclesiastes.*

THE FLINT MINERS OF BLACKPATCH

J. H. PULL

Foreword by Sir Arthur Keith:

"Mr. Pull, a young archæologist of discernment and enthusiasm . . . . his book is a model of what such archæological records should be . . . ."—*Manchester Guardian*

"This welcome and valuable contribution . . . . clear, logical and very readable narrative."—*Times Literary Supplement*

10s 6d

WHAT WE PUT IN PRISON

G. W. PAILTHORPE M.D.

Author of "Studies in the Psychology of Delinquency" A Report for the Medical Research Council issued by His Majesty's Stationery Office

"There is much in the book that will usefully stimulate interest and thought in quarters where these faculties are apt to stagnate; and there is a general appeal to reason and science which refreshingly contrasts with the sentimental and unrealistic approach of many . . . . Dr. Pailthorpe writes well and simply."—*Times Literary Supplement*

5s

WILLIAMS & NORGATE, LTD.
28 Little Russell Street W.C.1

A MIRROR FOR MEN

WINIFRED MANNERS

"Is there any limit to the frankness permitted in fiction nowadays? If so, it would seem to have been reached in a novel 'A Mirror for Men' . . . . ."—*Sunday Referee.*

7s. 6d.

WHAT IS SEX? AN OUTLINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

HELENA WRIGHT M.B.B.S.

Author of "The Sex Factor In Marriage"

A woman doctor writes: "Most parents are themselves in need of instruction; and for many it is next to impossible to escape completely from the inhibitions due to their own early training. Dr Wright's book will prove a boon."

Many diagrams 5s.

SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULDN'T

HELENE ELIAT

Author of "Sheba Visits Solomon"

7s. 6d.

NOEL DOUGLAS

SHEED & WARD

Sigrid Undset
CHRISTMAS & TWELFTH NIGHT
Large Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net

Herbert Read
FORM IN MODERN POETRY
Cap 8vo. 2s. 6d. net

Christopher Dawson
THE MODERN DILEMMA
Cap 8vo. 2s. 6d. net

G. K. Chesterton
CHRISTENDOM IN DUBLIN
Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net

Michael Trappes-Lomax
PUGIN:
A MEDIEVAL VICTORIAN
Demy 8vo. 15s. net

Ronald Knox
BROADCAST MINDS
Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net

Mrs. Wilfrid Ward
TUDOR SUNSET
Large Cr. 7s. 6d. net

31, PATERNOSTER ROW

Flowering Wilderness is the latest and by no means the least of Mr. Galsworthy's untiring tributes to beauty and despairing love. It is useless to treat it as a novel of realism. There is a realistic background of clubs, and pukka sahibs, and London society; but the book is a lyric of lost love and doubtful loyalties. Dinny Cherrell is passionately in love with Walter Desert who does not know whether, when he accepted Islam at the pistol point, he was being false to an ideal, or true to a greater ideal. It is that which makes the book's tragedy, not Desert's quarrel with Markham, or Dinny's conflicts with her family. Here are human beings tortured by the claims of alien allegiances; but that is nothing compared with Desert's struggle with himself, and Dinny's struggle to keep him true to his best knowledge of himself and their love. The background of commentary, criticism and assistance is superbly rendered—there is a scene of a club committee as fine in its way as the scene in *Loyalties*—but Mr. Galsworthy never forgets that his real object is to give us once more a tragedy of beauty captured and love betrayed, a drama of human incapacity, so maddening and so pitiful, to pay the price of the things that really matter.

Mr. Maugham's chief character thinks nothing matters—the convenient creed for the man who has somehow forfeited all that he once valued. Dr. Saunders is an obscure doctor in China, treating the Chinese and smoking his pipe, because of a mistake in his past. He goes to the Malay Archipelago, and there meets Captain Nichols who is cruising aimlessly with a friend, a young man who has left Australia because of a mistake. The three join forces. The story is told as it seemed to Saunders, wise, cynical, incapable of disappointment, but not of fear. Nichols is a rogue, plagued with nervous dyspepsia and blessed with seamanship and pluck. Fred Blake is a lad who goes in fear of a capital charge and a belief that life is over for him at twenty-four. *The Narrow Corner* reminds one of the *Ebb-tide*, in its persistent statement of man's meanness, and of the nobility that can be found hidden in the impulses beneath the meanness. In spite of occasional carelessness, it is extremely well written—there is a fine storm, and a sardonic account of a funeral, as if Smollett had left Mr. Maugham a scene to depict. It is a book which would be better for a little sentiment; Mr. Maugham's natural sentimentality has so long frozen into cynicism that he forgets how much can be done by a little warmth. His characters, except the villains, move stiffly through lack of it.

Mrs. Bell, on the contrary, leaves her people too loose. She gets the touch of fever; but does not know how to use it. In this melodrama of two sisters, Gillian and Sheila, and their supposed cousin Christopher, she makes the grave error of spoiling their lives by someone who, neither in the prose of fact nor the poetry of imagination, could ever have crossed their paths. Oliver, the drunken doctor, could never have married Gillian: his conversation alone would have made it impossible. The result of this mistake is that the kindest reader will find herself not bored, but hopelessly side-tracked through half the book. Oliver demanded an entire novel to himself, and should never have been given one. He is not worth more than a paragraph. For the rest Mrs. Bell has humour and a fine emotional power; and genuine, loving subtlety in her account of the relations between the sisters.

Mrs. Rea has written as exquisitely and richly successful book in *First Night* as in her lovely last book, *The Happy Prisoner*; and she shows an astonishing and unusual power to widen her range and adapt her method to suit it. Her story is the story of a first night, from the moment when the young author, whose first play it is, begins to fidget at the delays in opening the auditorium to the moment when he leaves the Savoy after the supper-party. In turn we meet the author, the owner of the theatre, the leading actors and actresses, people in the gallery, the pit, the stalls, and the dress-circle. Each person, each group is quickly and wittily characterised: Mrs. Rea has the gift of getting people on and off the stage with deft appropriateness, and giving them lines of singular rightness. Her book is fine entertainment: and it is more. The handling of Cecil Williams' love-affair has passion and vigour; and there is a delightful portrayal of enthusiastic innocence in Pamela Wilder. *First Night* is a little triumph, and a very enjoyable experiment in technique.

Years ago Ibsen made a play about drains: it was, not inappositely perhaps, one of the great dramatist's most prosaic. Now Miss Olivier has made a novel out of drains, and *The Seraphim Room* is one of her most poetic stories. It is also her best and strongest novel. Writing in it so much of the architecture of the Close, and the architecture of Bracelet Furlong, she has herself achieved a better-planned and better-built book than any of her earlier ones. Mr. Chilvester, a widower, lives in his Queen Anne house in the Gothic close, with his two daughters, Lilian who never leaves her attic-room, and Emily, whose education is sacrificed to Chilvester House. These three Miss Olivier portrays with magnificent skill and tenderness. In a way we resent the introduction of the young architect, the Dean's nephew, of the Roumanian grand lady Clodia: it is true Emily must have her tragedy, but we wish she could have had it with a finer actor to play opposite than Christopher Honythorne. Snatched from her Barrett-parent by luck and a party at the Dean's, Emily would more quickly have aroused Clodia's alarmed pity. It is difficult to believe in that lady's carelessness, or in her Seraphim Room. Still, Miss Olivier, while one reads, forces one to believe: she writes with a persuasive certainty, a consummate sense of circumstance and an unerring feeling for temperament. If Mr. Walpole had been a poet, he might have invented this Close; but no one but Miss Olivier could have given us the portrait of Lilian, bound in her room by her illness, and living in a world as intense and as real as Christina Rossetti's.

It is a sad decline to Mr. Beresford. He has shown in his past work how fine an artist he can be; but this jog-trot tale, placed in the years 1888 to 1904, of a dull family, dully succeeding, dully living and quarrelling, has none of his old power, except a smooth narrative style, and a recognition of the troubles of ordinary people. Our last books bring us to a comfortable fever-point again—this time the pleasant temperature caused, in the writer and reader, by laughter. To be amusing the artist must himself be entertained; and surely Mr. Pakington and Miss Delafield cannot but enjoy their own jokes. Mr. Pakington crowds his canvas too full—he could learn much from Miss Delafield—but his account of James Barnes-Watson's troubles in love is very pleasant in its light-hearted exuberance. There are people who think Miss Delafield wastes her time with that congenial shadow, The Provincial Lady. So do not we. All conceited men should be given the book by their wives: all women who worry should be given it by their friends or husbands. (It would be no use as a gift to a bachelor, unless he didn't need it.) The Provincial Lady here spends much time in London, and a little abroad (with and without Robert). She preserves, wherever she is, that ingenuous sophistication that makes her the delight and terror of her intelligent friends. What her unintelligent friends think of her, if they read this book, it were better not to inquire.

HORS CONCOURS

Out of the Rough. By Bernard Darwin. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

"In a class by himself" (or herself). How often we hear the phrase! Yet rigidly examined to whom can it apply? Not to Napoleon, there was also Alexander; not to Taglione, there was also Pavlova; not to Rachel, there was also Duse; not to Heine, there was also Ronsard; and the also's are understatements—there are etceteras as well.

Mr. "Bobby" Jones, Miss Joyce Wethered and Lindrum are, I imagine, uncontestedly in "classes by themselves," but to these glorious triumphs of isolation I would be inclined to add Mr. Bernard Darwin.

Does anyone write as continuously and inevitably well about anything as Mr. Darwin does about golf? I doubt it, or rather I have no doubt whatsoever. In England—and here we are very inferior to the Americans—reporting is a neglected art. We have no reporters of genius, because a reporter is an anonymous purveyor of news and not an X-ray specialist. Mr. Darwin is—among many things—a reporter of genius, though perhaps we may claim the chisel of his culture as a home product. Give him a grey day, a club match, four unknown players, give him a drive, a pitch, and two putts, drain him of the possibilities of action or event, and Rome may burn provided that he fiddles.

There are those who know nothing about golf and who care (at least so one would have thought) nothing about style. How does he get them? Courses they have not visited, clubs that might as well be walking sticks, names that convey no glamour, strokes the description of which can only bewilder, how out of these ingredients is the great drama evoked which enables the man, perhaps not of the street but certainly not of the links, to read with bated breath? Mr. Darwin says of Mr. Croome that he "would not allow his feeling to get sufficiently into his ink."

WISHART & CO.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF

ANTHONY à WOOD

Abridged and with an introduction by

LLEWELYN POWYS

TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT (*leading article*): ". . . will ever remain a marvellous picture of the Oxford of his day . . . No one in the future can plead guilty to an ignorance of Anthony Wood . . . here in a handy form, light and readable, are the main portions of the antiquary's collections."

THE OBSERVER: "An excellent diarist: an interesting contrast in every way to Pepys, whose diary covers part of the period."

ROSE MACAULAY: "Very good reading . . . an invaluable mass of interesting and amusing detail . . . altogether a good fifteen shillings worth."—*News-Chronicle*. *Illustrated*. **15s.**

VIRGINIA WOOLF

by WINIFRED HOLTBY

"A most useful and stimulating piece of criticism."—*The Yorkshire Post*.

"Sensitive insight and sympathetic handling."—*Everyman*.

". . . an interesting and understanding study . . . Miss Holtby has very skillfully netted this iridescent butterfly on the wing."—ROSE MACAULY in *The Spectator*.

With a Portrait. **6s.**

NEW NOVELS

BRIDGE TO POWER

by IVAN MORTON

A story of Soviet Russia

Miss STORM JAMESON writes: "Mr. Morton is a new writer, of whom a great deal may be expected . . . (His characters) loom through a fog of words, curiously larger and more impressive than the characters of more expert novelists. The book itself is impressive—contrasting the external achievement of power over natural forces and the inner hunger for power over minds and men's lives."—*The New English Weekly*. **7s. 6d.**

DEATH OF FELICITY TAVERNER

A new novel

by MARY BUTTS

Mr. R. ELLIS ROBERTS wrote of Mary Butts' recent volume, *Several Occasions*, that these are stories "which, if the generation to come shows any curiosity about our society, will take their place beside *The Waste Land*, *The Poor Man* and *Those Barren Leaves* as documents of revelation."—*The New Statesman*.

Ready November 28th. **7s. 6d.**

A NEW SERIES

ADELPHI QUARTOS

Illustrated essays on the arts and activities of modern life

1. The APPRECIATION OF ARCHITECTURE
by ROBERT BYRON

2. SCRUTINY OF CINEMA
by WILLIAM HUNTER

3. THEATRE PROSPECT
by TYRONE GUTHRIE

Crown 4to (10 in. by 7½ in.) with numerous half-tone plates.

Ready November 22nd. **5/- each**

10 John St., W.C.2

DESMOND HARMSWORTH

TAURINE PROVENCE

The Philosophy, Technique and Religion of the Bullfighter

By ROY CAMPBELL

With 21 Drawings by the Author 6s. net

Also 100 signed and numbered copies 21s. net

(Ready next week.)

WYNDHAM LEWIS

Thirty Personalities and a Self Portrait

200 sets only numbered and signed by WYNDHAM LEWIS £2 2s. net

From a Telegram to the Publishers :—

"Please send portfolio . . . Drawing of Rebecca West proves him best living or other draughtsman—best portrait painter ever.—SICKERT."

WYNDHAM LEWIS

A Discussive Exposition

HUGH GORDON PORTEUS 8s. 6d. net

A serious and authoritative work executed with efficiency and completeness. (Ready next week.)

MAGNIFICENT MONEYMAKERS

HANS WANTOCH 21s. net

This remarkable book contains stories of twenty of the world's greatest moneymakers, from the Medici to Ivar Kreuger. Of human interest and historical importance. (Ready next week.)

HAVELOCK ELLIS

Views and Reviews

Second Series 10s. 6d. net

C. E. M. JOAD (*The Listener*)

"He is a thinker who has never been valued at his true worth, a pioneer in psychology, especially in the psychology of sex, and one of the most delightful prose-writers of our time. . . ."

Observer :

"It is no exaggeration to say that in hardly one of them has Mr. Havelock Ellis failed to make a definite contribution of light to the varied problems that he is discussing."

AS I SEE IT

MAURICE LANE-NORCOTT

Illustrated by the Author 3s. 6d. net

Mr. Lane-Norcott lives up to his title as the "prince of jesters."

CURRIES

And other Indian Dishes

MULK RAJ ANAND 3s. 6d. net

Here are 140 invaluable recipes for curries, chutneys and sweet dishes.

44, GREAT RUSSELL ST., W.C.1.

More than we could hope for, and everything that we could wish, gets into Mr. Darwin's ink. His character sketches, *The Triumvirate*, and so many casual touches, give us not only friends but intimates and his sly dispassionate comments always have the sharp edge of revelation.

"'Francis (Mr. Ouimet) was solemn as a judge; he always is in a match,' says Bobby Jones, in describing one of their championship battles, . . . but his solemnity is entirely without self-consciousness or fierceness, whereas when we try to be very solemn on a big occasion we often look as if we were trying to be fierce and sad into the bargain."

If there still be cameo amateurs, I would recommend *A Chance for Collectors* and *A Player's Destiny*.

This book has only one fault. It does not contain enough of those masterly descriptions by Mr. Darwin of Mr. Darwin as a golfer. *Out of the Rough* should only be read by readers. If it were read by writers they would cease to write—assuming, that is to say, that they were still capable of reading.

Elizabeth Bibesco.

THE ADVANCING THEATRE

The New Movement in the Theatre. By Leon Moussinac. With an Introduction by R. A. Packman, and a Foreword by Gordon Craig. Batsford. £10 10s.

I cannot praise this magnificent book too much. Its bountiful illustrations are the only way in which the stage developments of the last ten years could be conveyed. There can be no one who is connected with the theatre who would not get instruction and enjoyment from it.

What is the total effect on the mind of all this experiment and innovation? Gordon Craig writes the foreword and shows himself again as a great man. The most beautiful designs of all are those of Picasso. It is a joy to see again the designs for the *Tricorne*; not a touch of muddiness about them. In France the *Atelier* does good work. On the other hand, it is obvious that Cubism for the stage has been a failure. But for the rest it is the Russian genius which holds the field, and the Russian producers who captivate the imagination. Looking through this book, one sees that the Russian theatre throbs and nothing else does; how clear that is when turning over the pages one comes to Reinhardt and *The Miracle*. This is not to say that a great deal of the reckless experimentation is not a failure. I do not feel that the Kamerny Theatre has come to anything.

Starting at the beginning, there is the enormous influence of Bakst and Benoit. They went to the East for their effects and they are out of fashion now; but no one must underestimate them. Then as we move on through the decade, we see that the painter has retired and that the architect is in full possession of the scene. The restlessness of the modern age has its full reflection. Finally, we see that Meyerhold is a very important man. He is not young, he began his work years ago in Imperial Russia, when Kommisarjevskya in the height of her beauty and renown broke away from the conventions of the classical stage. But it is he who has felt and interpreted the modern age and can put dynamite into his interpretation. He has not found a resting point. It is all very grotesque, even ugly. We must be interested to see what his next move will be. Perhaps in another ten years Meyerhold's efforts at disembarrassment will have done their work and will have brought in beautiful results.

Lydia Lopokova.

TEXTS AND PRETEXTS

Texts and Pretexts. An Anthology with Commentaries. By Aldous Huxley. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Had the author of *Crome Yellow* and *Point Counter Point* flourished at the same period as John Evelyn he would have been referred to by his many admiring critics as "the learned and ingenious Mr. Huxley." The second epithet is more applicable than most. Mr. Huxley is above all an ingenious writer. He has an abundant—somewhat too abundant—flow of language in combination with great intellectual curiosity. Speculative, digressive, highly inquisitive, he ranges over any and every subject.

He has a passion for knowledge and a thirst for beauty. Both characteristics, particularly the latter, are evidenced by his new book, *Texts and Pretexts*, subtitled *An Anthology with Commentaries*. It is a delightful, odd, stimulating affair. The anthologist has assembled in three hundred pages such poems, fragments of verse and scraps of prose as, one imagines, he may have marked at different times or copied out for his own personal satisfaction. They are here worked into a fabric of critical prose, arranged and newly interpreted at the author's whim.

The result is agreeably unfamiliar. One can read the book, either for its beautiful extracts—and Mr. Huxley is an acute judge of what is good; he has included very little that lacks quality—or one can turn to Mr. Huxley's surrounding essays and be amused, charmed or irritated, according to temperament. Irritated one very often is. One notes here, as one has frequently noted elsewhere, I won't say a certain poverty in the author's mind, a certain imaginative deadness in his whole outlook, but an absence of that deeper critical insight which distinguishes true criticism from brilliant discursion.

And discursions these essays always remain. Discursions on *Self Torture* and *The Nature of Love*—the first enshrining Baudelaire's famous sonnet: *Une nuit que j'étais près d'une affreuse juive . . .* —are closely companioned by *Polygamy*—a chance for Blake—*Memory*, *Hypocrisy*, *The Worst Side*. Forty-six essays make up the volume; Mr. Huxley juggles magnificently with successive subjects, never holds to a subject very long, and never allows his legerdemain to become tedious. He gives some novel twist to an ancient theme, briskly pulls it inside out and adopts another.

So much for the anthologist as virtuoso. Writing on the same themes at greater length, in a richer and more quaintly allusive prose, he would have delighted the solemn critics of the seventeenth century, when learned and ingenious spirits received their due. But the book has also a modern aspect; Mr. Huxley is pre-eminently an intellectual—he may be said, indeed, to represent the type—and, since that remote heyday of the "man of letters," a shadow has fallen between the intellectual and the world at large. Something has happened to cut him off from common sympathies: it has not only deprived him of the possession of faith—while, for Sir Thomas Browne, faith and intelligence were still compatible—but Democracy, after affixing the label "high-brow," has cast him adrift as a kind of scapegoat for its multiple sins.

Hence Mr. Huxley's curious wistfulness. On the verges of the squalid modern encampment the Highbrow in proud but mournful opposition, as he wanders, raises a high nostalgic bleat:

> O why was I born with a different face?
> Why was I not born like the rest of my race?
> When I look, each one starts! when I speak, I offend,
> Then I'm silent and passive, and lose every friend.

It is not that he would wish to be precisely similar; but he is vexed by a sense of anomalous isolation. Perhaps *l'homme moyen sensuel*, after all, enjoys advantages that recommend his crass obliquity.

From these misgivings Mr. Huxley is not immune. In a section, entitled *Earthly Paradise*, he quotes Marlowe, Peele, Middleton, Beaumont and Fletcher, and then proceeds to describe a picture by Piero di Cosimo, in which "naked, two immortally young creatures lie—Mars lightly sleeping, Venus just awake enough to be conscious of the moment's happiness," among the voluptuous and lyrical accessories of a renaissance landscape:

> The earthly paradise, the earthly paradise! With what longing, between the bars of my temperament, do I peer at its bright landscape, how voluptuously sniff at its perfume of hay and raspberries, of honeysuckle and roast duck, of sun-warmed flesh and nectarines and the sea! But the bars are solid; the earthly paradise is always on the further side. Self-hindered, I cannot enter and make myself at home. No doubt, the landscape seems all the brighter to me for that inability, the life of the senses all the more paradisiacal. "The mind," says Milton,
>
> > "is its own place, and in itself
> > Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven . . ."

There, with a frankness and fulness that are almost embarrassing, Mr. Huxley exposes the modern dilemma. Intellect can create an illusory paradise, can show us the world as it *ought* to be enjoyed—can even point out the beauty of religious belief—through the self-secluding barrier of our own temperament. And Mr. Huxley, like so many intellectuals, has begun to weary of his position "on the further side."

Peter Quennell.

MEMOIRS OF A BRITISH AGENT

By R. H. Bruce Lockhart. 9s. net

Chosen as a Book of the Month by the Book Society of London, and the Book of the Month Club of New York.

"No better picture of those tense, galloping weeks of the summer of 1918 in Moscow has been or is likely to be painted.... Not Rousseau himself was more frank."—ARTHUR RANSOME (*Manchester Guardian*).

PUTNAM

24, Bedford Street, W.C.2

JUST PUBLISHED

•

A SCIENTIFIC BOOK OF OUTSTANDING INTEREST

THE ANATOMY OF MODERN SCIENCE

by

BERNHARD BAVINK

Translated from the 4th German Edition

With a knowledge which has aroused the admiration of men of science for its extent and accuracy, and with a clarity of style and thought that makes this book an open and attractive one to all serious readers, Dr. Bavink presents a broad survey of the anatomy of modern science. He brings into the balance the great discoveries of recent times in all fields, and draws positive conclusions as to the bearing of scientific results upon the fundamental problems of human destiny, and spiritual beliefs.

700 *Pages* **BELL** 21*s. net*

TEN LETTER WRITERS

NOT MERELY PRAISED — READ AND DISCUSSED

Mme. de Sévigné

"Mme. de Sévigné is a test case . . . A reviewer who would have found it impossible to resist caricature . . . can but envy Miss Irvine her temper." *T. Earle Welby, in Week End Review.*

Dorothy Osborne

"Not many readers will leave the chapter on Dorothy Osborne without resolving to make a fresh study for themselves of this most charming of our letter writers." *British Weekly.*

Swift

"She is able, as few critics have been, to link the embarrassing nonsense of the 'Journal to Stella' with Swift's serious self." *Monica Redlich in John o' London.*

Mme. du Deffand

"Especially good . . . can bear comparison with Mr. Lytton Strachey." *Scotsman*

Walpole

"Makes a surprising comment on Horace Walpole." *Methodist Recorder.*

Cowper

"Nowhere is Miss Irvine happier than when she explains the amazing duality of the life led at Olney and Weston by Cowper and Mrs. Unwin." *Augustine Birrell in Observer.*

Lady Bessborough

"One cannot follow Miss Irvine in her affection for Lady Bessborough, the mistress of Granville and Sheridan, the mother of Lady Caroline Lamb, who surely, if words and deeds have any meaning, was an intolerably sordid character." *Rebecca West in Daily Telegraph.*

Lamb

"Swift . . . and Lamb are the subjects of two brilliant chapters." *Times Lit. Supplement.*

Mrs. Carlyle

"Miss Irvine's book should convince any who still need it of the greatness of that remarkable woman, Mrs. Carlyle." *Richard Sunne, Time & Tide.*

Mérimée

"It is to be wished that the essay on Mérimée were longer." *William Plomer in Spectator.*

BY LYN LLOYD IRVINE

PUBLISHED AT 8s. 6d.

THE HOGARTH PRESS

52 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.

JUST PUBLISHED

SKETCHES FROM CAMBRIDGE

By LESLIE STEPHEN

With an Introduction by G. M. TREVELYAN, O.M.

6/- net

THE BRONTËS

AND OTHER ESSAYS

By G. F. BRADBY

5/- net

THREE FRIENDS

DOLBEN : DIXON : HENRY BRADLEY

By ROBERT BRIDGES

7/6 net

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM BECKFORD

By J. W. OLIVER

12/6 net

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

NEVER WITHOUT A BOOK

Books from the Library are delivered to subscribers by our messengers twice a day in many districts of London, and once a day in others.

When books which have been read are returned to our messenger he leaves others in exchange.

The reader is thus never without a book.

The best books of the day are obtainable, and there is no limit to the number of exchanges that may be made.

The charge for this exceptional service averages only a few pence a week.

Write for Rates and Conditions of Subscription to the Librarian

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB

and Circulating Library,

42, Wigmore Street, London, W.1,

and at 26, College Green, Bristol.

EPISODES IN A VARIED LIFE

BY

LORD CONWAY OF ALLINGTON

With 33 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.

"Art, travel, politics, mountaineering, collecting, and other pursuits fill his pages in rapid succession, and each in a high degree of intensitivity. Even his casual "finds" and losses and recoveries have their touch of drama. . . "But this is only the home side of a busy life which has spread over half-a-dozen continents, and never without the zest of adventure. He takes us scrambling over Alps or Himalayas, penetrating into the Buddhist mysteries of Tibet, shooting rapids on the Indus gorges, watching condors harry their prey, racing at breakneck speed across Morocco or the desert-fringes of South America, and refusing a rubber concession so fabulously opulent that it needed a revolution to avert a war."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Little Ships

By JOHN SCOTT HUGHES

With random sketches by FRANK MASON, R.I.

Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

"Mr. Hughes is both sea-lover and yachtsman, and in his book 'Little Ships' he shows how even a man of limited means may enjoy the sea."

—*Evening News.*

"Mr. Hughes has written a book that even the inveterate landsman will thoroughly enjoy and that no yachtsman will want to be without.

—*John o'London's Weekly.*

Sporting Interludes at Geneva

By ANTHONY BUXTON

With 66 Illustrations Crown 4to. 10s. 6d. net

"The birds are not merely photographed; their behaviour is recounted with the vividness that only results when keen eyes and a gifted pen belong to the same person. The book is beautifully written."

—*Morning Post.*

"If this high level of humour and understanding could be imparted to all nature books the birds would soon have little to fear from their enemy—man."—*The Times.*

Write for Autumn List & Prospectuses

COUNTRY LIFE LTD., 20 TAVISTOCK STREET, W.C.2

MEDIAEVAL FRENCH LYRICS

Early Mediaeval French Lyrics. By CLAUDE COLLEER ABBOTT. Constable. 15s.

For most of the eleventh and twelfth centuries a literature in any form of English is to all intents non-existent, while during most of the thirteenth it was no more than struggling into being. Thus we have nothing in our language for that splendid renaissance that followed the first Crusade, little until St. Louis died in Egypt and the last Crusade marked the end of the true Middle Ages, and began the decadence of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The fact has caused, in this country, a popular misunderstanding of that period. An age with no literature must be barbarous: and the fact that even in England there *was* much literature has been ignored, since the average teacher of English considered it necessary to damn (without reading it) mediaeval Latin, and, with more excuse, to ignore mediaeval French, which, after all, is difficult to read. The ignorance, however, is passing. The white necromancy of Miss Helen Waddell has caused to relive for us the lively and often lovely Latin poetry not only of the Middle Ages, but of the Dark; and Professor Abbott has now made available, for those whose learning in Old French is small, a very representative collection of lyrics, eighty-seven in *langue d'oïl* and a single but famous and beautiful piece of Provençal, from precisely that twelfth and thirteenth century whose work for the average English scholar has been for so long very truly a *trobar clus*.

The gift is one for which we should be grateful. Here is the link that binds our literature to the great flowering of Provençal, that, beginning about the time of the first Crusade, and likely enough indebted to Arabic, becomes the first true modern literature, sprung from the great chivalric conception that, perverted too often even in its own age's practice, still endures, still, transmuted, keeps the passes of a civilisation that has never since Charles Martel been in worse danger. The wave passed north and south. What it made in Italy culminated, at the end of the thirteenth century, in Dante: the close of the *Paradiso* lifts the conception at the core of *l'amour courtois* to the heart of the great mysteries of the Faith. In the north its equivalent is divorced from these, too late in time: but it gave us Imogen and Miranda and the singing fire of "Unarm, Eros," and the great death-speech that rouses immortal longings, and about them the starry firmament of that age of lyric that in fortunate England begins with Sir Thomas Wyatt.

This Northern French lyric is less exquisite than Provençal, less great, as poetry, than its Italian contemporaries or its English successors. But it is more than a mere link in historic sequence. It is often of great beauty in itself. As swift and strong and lovely as it is, French literature has comparatively seldom turned to the lyric: the Latin-Celtic blend is perhaps too lucid (for Celtic mist is a Teutonic myth) and holds under its gaiety too much remembrance of the Latin *gravitas*. What came to other countries in singing words became in North France expressed in singing stone, that silent organ-music of the great buttresses that leap upwards at the apse of Notre Dame, or the sapphire blaze in the Rose of France at Chartres. But the voices sang too in that age, and here are echoes of many that sound yet, of knightly singer and of *manant*—or *manante*, for it seems that the oldest of the popular songs are those the women sang over the wheel, of *bele Erembors* or *bele Aelis*, *chansons d'istoire* or *de toile*, things between song and short story, somewhat in the mode of the Border ballads, though they prefer to end cosily in a wedding: they are, in essence, of the long tradition of popular literature, the tale of the King's Youngest Daughter, or her equivalent, that goes down through *The Douglas Tragedy* to the Victorian *Family Herald Supplement* and the modern talkie: the intention is the same and only the quality has changed with progress and compulsory education. There are the *reverdies*, courtly or popular, the delight *al entrada del tens clar, eu mai au douz tens nouvel, with blosmes and with briddes roun, emang the tendir odoris reid and quhyte*: they include here the magical one of the lover whose lady, Praise of France, is surely Dame Flora riding northward. There is the obverse of the romance, the side that made the fabliaux and Jehan de Meung of the *Contre-Rose*, the coarse, shrewd and cheerful bourgeois realism, whose *chansons de malmariée* and their fellows have often a naughty grace in their gracelessness: they are songs whose note is that of a late Scots specimen, *Wo worth mariage for evir mair*, or—only that they are less solemn over it, and ever so much briefer—in the key of a prominent school of the nineteen-twenties. No one, through history, has ever sympathised more with the poor horned husband than with the corpse in a popular murder trial.

Side by side with them, for contrast, are songs of another way of love, the Courteous Love that was anything from a stylisation of lechery to the force that in the *Divina Commedia* fuses, as one flame into another, with that which *muove il sole e l'altre stelle*. There are songs of Conon de Béthune, of Gace Brûlé, of the Châtelain de Coucy—not cloistered literary gentlemen, but hard-fighting administrators of considerably lurid political problems—the kind of men, in fact, who first formed its conception in the South. It is not until poetry is delivered to a literary caste and art becomes a side issue, or a sin, that the tradition dies. Spenser's "dear dread" is Gace's

> *tant me covient sa valor redoter*
> —"so rightly is my heart in dread of her."

Professor Abbott has given these songs in their French, with, facing them, an English version in, nearly always, the same metre, and, nearly always, astonishingly close both to the literal sense and to the quality of the emotion—close enough to the sense to serve, for instance, the Honours English student, close enough to the "feel" for readers who read for pleasure to read with pleasure.

AGNES MURE MACKENZIE.

SINCE THE WAR

Just the Other Day. By JOHN COLLIER and IAIN LANG. Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

There is a peculiarly revolting passage in the adventures of Gulliver in Brobdingnag where Swift describes the impression conveyed to his hero by a sojourn in the private apartments of some ladies of the court. Magnified out of all friendly perspective these ladies, engaged on their toilets, are revealed as loathsome, hideous monsters. Allowing for twentieth century restraint, Gulliver's point of view on this occasion is that adopted by Messrs. John Collier and Iain Lang in their "informal history of Britain since the war." To them history, informal, is on the whole the lengthened shadow of a moron. As a compilation their book is admirably complete. Each flying folly of the past twelve years is gravely, dispassionately presented; each nine-days'-wonder made to gleam anew in a colder, steadier light. We have chapters on the Bright Young People, Brighter London, Sport and Spectacle, Murder and Morals in the Making, besides the less amusing but not less important topics of Labour's Rise and Fall, the Economic Aspect and the Crisis. All are treated in the same strain of ironical pseudo-detachment—enough facts to relieve the text from an appearance of persiflage, enough gentle comment to provide almost consistently lively reading as one is led through labyrinths of thought and feeling which seem only half familiar. The perspective adopted is largely a reflection of the amount of space devoted to the events as they occurred by the daily and Sunday press, and the result is, as may be expected, an unflattering comment on the world we live in.

Sometimes the implied generalisations are a little glib, the retouching of the faded scenery a little crude. Commenting on the country's reception of the German Navy's last gesture at Scapa Flow, for instance, the authors will not allow us even a sense of humour:

> Von Reuter was sent to Park Hall internment camp at Oswestry, where, a week after the scuttling of the Fleet, he was attacked by a crowd and struck in the face with a rotten egg. With this expression of indignation and frustrated triumph the nation had to rest content.

Even in such an orgy of victory the egg, one feels, is an over-simplified symbol of the nation's mixed emotions on the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Everyman, whose views are frequently quoted, are at times endowed with a reflective, introspective intelligence which one feels regretfully to be far beyond their limited capacities. "Man felt," say Messrs. Collier and Lang, "that he had lost his place in the historic procession, and he was eagerly grateful to any guide who offered to help him find it." To which one is tempted to retort that fully eighty per cent. of the population have never had any conception of a historical procession, and is therefore unlikely to worry unduly about its place therein until the uneasiness of the intelligentsia filters down through the brains of popular novelists and journalists, and is reinforced by harsh personal application. A similar criticism might be made of the very amusing chapter on changes in morality. For all the publicity which has been given them, these phenomena have still to penetrate the tough shells of tradition in which most

of His Majesty's subjects contrive to live more or less contented lives.

In truth, this volume, for all its apparent, if limited, validity as a social document, tends to prove too much. It is not so much an impression of what has passed through the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Everyman since the war as a record of what a handful of weary sub-editors, night by night, thought would interest them. Politicians have every reason to know that newspapers are painfully untrustworthy indices of popular opinion, even when prejudices are dressed up to look like news at the instance of swollen-headed proprietors. And what is true of politics is even truer of more general interests. The newspaper-for-the-many is a mental relaxation, not a stimulus, to be skimmed by half-awake husbands on their way to work and dozed over by tired wives before going to bed. The sub-editor's eccentric hours of work render him peculiarly subject to "occupational parochialism." He is never in a position to tell what ordinary people are thinking, and one feels that his unhappy guesses are the main source of Messrs. Collier and Lang's material. Nevertheless, as stimulating commentary on the cheaper side of the human shop-window, *Just the Other Day* was well worth writing and has been written very well.

FARTHEST NORTH

Northern Lights: The Official Account of the British Arctic Air-Route Expedition, 1930–31. By F. SPENCER CHAPMAN. With an Introduction by the late H. G. WATKINS. Chatto and Windus. 18s.

There seems to be a charming modesty about men who penetrate to half-explored and uncharted spaces of earth; a modesty, at any rate, in the books they give us of their achievements. Wallace, making what must in 1848 have been an exciting passage to South America, thought so little of it that he could spare no more than forty words to describe it. Having crossed the Rhub al Khali, that torrid blank in the earth's surface, Mr. Bertram Thomas came almost to banality in telling us of it: "The Rhub al Khali," he stated simply, "had been crossed." In the winter of 1930–31 a young man chose to spend three months alone, without even the solitary mouse of the traditional prisoner for company, on the remote Ice Cap in the heart of Greenland; it was his plan to remain there, taking readings of wind and weather as long as he could and retiring eventually like a beaver to his double snow-bound tent with its underground communication tunnel, until his friends relieved him in March. He had enough food, paraffin oil, lemon-juice and cod-liver oil to last him comfortably until that time and a primus stove with which to cook his food and heat his house. If nothing catastrophic happened he would be secure and content. Nothing catastrophic did happen; but about Christmas he discovered that much paraffin oil had leaked away, so that he was forced to abandon his primus stove except for cooking and use only a little Aladdin lamp, which warmed his tent much as a glow-worm might illuminate a rabbit-hole. "This was very tiresome," he tells us now. Tiresome! March came, but no rescuers; and none came in April. "The food situation," he writes, "was also becoming interesting about this time." Interesting! On the principle of *carpe diem* he had eaten all his luxuries, so that he was reduced to a little oatmeal, warmed up, some uncooked pemmican, biscuits and margarine. He made a lamp of string in a tin, which "would last a few minutes if carefully tended." He confesses to an occasional uneasiness about the "safety factor," but for the most part he was happy, secure, and in good health, singing hymns and songs and reading books about a world he might never see again. It was not until May, two months after he had expected them, that his rescuers frightened him out of his skin by yelling his name down the air-pipe of his tent, invisible under snow.

Thus, not merely by his achievement but also by the modesty of his narrating it, Augustine Courtauld joins the great explorers. His little chapter, relating blandly, without melodrama or any whipped-up effects, the story of those five months of unique isolation, is by far the most amusing, and possibly the most important, in this book. It is important, as he himself points out, because he has proved that there is no reason why any normal person should not live in perfect peace of mind for an indefinite period under such conditions as he did; and many a future explorer may feel indebted to him for that. In his modesty he makes no other claims for himself.

The party of which he was one set out in Shackleton's old ship, the *Quest*, in the summer of 1930. H. G. Watkins was in command.

"Gino Watkins was destined to command. Short as his life was it was a destiny he fulfilled. It is a common saying that in order to command one must first learn to obey, but here was one who appeared to leap fully equipped from the levels of boyhood to the eminence of man's directive power. At first contact there was little to indicate this to the casual observer. Slight in figure, quiet, almost soft in voice, there was no prominent feature that called for striking recognition. Men who looked for some mark in his face or speech which would display the commanding personality, which after his first two expeditions they knew existed, were almost startled by his youthful appearance."

It was Watkins' idea to lead this expedition to Greenland and work over the east coast and the central ice plateau of that country, to map all unknown territory, to establish a station on the Greenland Ice Cap, to investigate weather conditions on the Ice Cap and to test the conditions for aeroplane flying throughout the year in East Greenland. Behind these purposes was a greater, which he never lived to see fulfilled: to establish an air route between England and Winnipeg. For his party Watkins chose, deliberately, amateur explorers, only himself, Courtauld and Scott having had any Arctic experience at all. This policy was supremely justified by the behaviour of these men under difficult conditions and the success of the undertaking.

As leader of the expedition he should have written this book. That he did not do this was due, not to his death, but to simple lack of time; he was absorbed in planning an expedition to the Antarctic, but those plans failed, and he resolved to return to Greenland instead for another year. It was on that expedition that he met his death, appropriately enough, while rolling a kayak.

Of how Watkins and the other members of the expedition learned to handle a kayak, Mr. Chapman gives a long and fascinating account. The kayak is a small canoe, very light and graceful, "about eighteen feet long, and consists of five laths of wood longitudinally, and fifteen or sixteen transverse ribs, making the kayak less than two feet wide in the middle"; over the wood are stretched the skins of seals which in turn are made waterproof by coat after coat of boiled seal oil. From the kayak the Eskimo in turn hunts the seal in summer; and since seal-hunting may often be dangerous and a kayak easily upset, the Eskimo has evolved a safety device, the device of rolling, by which he may turn himself and the canoe completely over in the water, as one body, and come up again. The trick is done with a paddle, but also, by the experienced, with only a hand. It was typical of Watkins that he was the first of the Englishmen to roll a kayak and the only one of them to master the rolling of it with the hand alone.

Watkins, indeed, must have been extraordinarily versatile; and one cannot help regretting that he did not write this book, for he might very well have turned out to be that rare bird, the great explorer who is also the great writer. This is not to detract from Mr. Chapman's account of the expedition, which is sober, honest and free from any purple humbug; but from the Arctic one expects, for some reason or other, something epic. Nevertheless, though the book is not great literature it is the record of some great travel; the pictures of the Eskimos, the accounts of the bitter winter journeys, the story of the open-boat journey, apart from Courtauld's modest adventure, all make the book valuable and fascinating. The only unhappy part of it is the loss to exploration of the man who was the very soul of the work it describes.

H. E. BATES.

MR. STRACHEY'S PROPHECY

The Coming Struggle for Power. By JOHN STRACHEY. Gollancz. 9s.

The thesis of this book is that "the conditions for the fulfilment of (Marx's) prognosis of the overthrow of capitalism by the working class are being fulfilled not in 1848 but in the first half of the twentieth century." Capitalism because of the contradictions inherent in its structure will, if undisturbed, lead to war. But it will not be undisturbed. It has its weak spots, for example, the relations of France and Germany, its inability to exploit colonies and undeveloped territories without provoking strong nationalist movements, its confrontation with the ever more formidable object lesson of Soviet Russia, and its necessity

So did King Edward triumph over Lady Oxford

"Then I don't care a fig for your truthfulness, as he told me himself that he had done so . ."

So did King Edward (then Prince of Wales) triumph over Miss Margot Tennant (Lady Oxford) when, secrecy having been promised, she flatly denied that Sir Francis Knollys had asked her to marry him. The full story is given in the second instalment of Lady Oxford's "More Memories," which will appear in the Sunday Times next Sunday.

This instalment will contain, also, two remarkable conversations with Queen Alexandra.

"MORE MEMORIES," by LADY OXFORD in the

Sunday Times

Read the fascinating chapter which appears next Sunday, November 13th. Order your copy to-day.

to subject its own working class to an ever more ruthless exploitation, thereby fanning the embers of existing discontent into the flames of revolution. Revolution has only been delayed up to the present by the efforts of the various Social Democratic parties which act as a sort of buffer for Capitalism, and by the continual incantation of Socialist formulæ that drug the workers, while taking no steps to translate the dream into concrete reality. The cream of Social Democracy will, however, ultimately be shattered by the impact of reality, the stark facts of class antagonism will stand revealed, and Capitalism will go down before the rise of an insurgent and class conscious proletariat. The thesis is supported by an elaborate historical retrospect, an interpretation of the contemporary economic situation on Marxist lines, an exceedingly acute and often highly amusing analysis of trends in contemporary politics—Mr. Strachey unwrapping the meanings of Mr. MacDonald's speeches from their enfolding swathes of verbiage, is a joy to read—and a comprehensive survey of the forces at large in the post-war world. Mr. Strachey's judgments are always intriguing; they would be more convincing were it not that the author's instinctive dependence on the ready-mades and reach-me-downs of the rag-shop in which Communist theory keeps its stock of dogmas to misfit all situations, leads the reader throughout to detect special pleading and a determination to fit the immense variety of the contemporary scene into the Procrustean bed of Marxist analysis.

Mr. Strachey is apt to drop into the Freudian mode of interpreting men's thoughts and actions. His concern is less to inquire whether views are true than why So-and-so was led to adopt them. They are compensations, wish fulfilments, "fantasies"—the word "fantasy" is the stock appellation for any view with which the author happens to disagree—and, insensibly, the corollary is slipped in: because they are these things, because, that is to say, their origins in the minds of their exponents can be revealed they are, therefore, discredited. For example, of Huxley's *Brave New World*, with which he has just contrasted Wells's *Men Like Gods*, Mr. Strachey proceeds to ask, "Is it as a matter of fact any more objective . . . any less completely a projection of the author's subjective reaction to present-day life?" This is to bring down two birds with a single stone from the Freudian catapult. Unfortunately the catapult is a boomerang. For we have only to turn Mr. Strachey's methods of diagnosis against himself, and the whole of his formidable analysis may be dismissed as a projection of the author's subjective reaction to present-day politics. One may carry his method further and impugn the whole Communist analysis, as he impugns the movements of Social Democracy, as a fantasy whose "psychological function is to cater for a subjective need of the workers . . . satisfying the workers' need to dream of Socialism, whilst remaining tied to Capitalism."

The concept of inevitability again is open to question. Mr. Strachey's thesis requires him to hold that human affairs move to their predestined end, unaffected not only by the celebrations of statesmen in Council but by human will however expressed and human effort however exercised. Speaking of the leaders of the Social Democratic parties, he tells us that

> it would be vulgar to attempt to evaluate their work as either good or bad; it was a work which owing to the automatic development of capitalism, it was inevitable that a body of men and women should arise to undertake . . . In the determination of history it was inevitable that such parties should arise and flourish.

Thus men for him are merely the expression of inevitable movements, never their initiators. Surely it is at least possible that great men are the expression of movements which only *they* have made inevitable.

It is this concept of inevitability which, while it makes Mr. Strachey's book undeniably impressive, makes it no less depressing. As one reads this formidable indictment, as one is carried forward by the logical drive of the author's thought, one falls under a sort of spell, a spell of despair. Politicians are fools when they are not knaves; capitalists are wicked, leaders traitors; the Labour Party is only "a device to castrate . . . its own class." Communism, it seems, is the only hope; hence, disagreement with Communist dogma is equated not merely with stupidity but with sin. Nevertheless, there is small chance of even Communism succeeding, while the leaders of the "Labour Party are using all their powers to ensure . . . that a fascist dictatorship would be the inevitable result of the crisis of the class struggle in Britain."

But, once the spell evaporates, one cannot help asking, are things really quite as bad as that? Capitalism, no doubt, presents a pitiable spectacle, never more so than at the moment. Nevertheless the average workman, according to the recently published results of the investigation into London life, buys one-third more goods with labour that is one hour a week less than he did forty years ago, while the average length of his life has increased from thirty-five years in 1870 to fifty-seven years to-day. Yet this is precisely the period in which Mr. Strachey sees the beginning of capitalist decline. Again, it is true that "capitalism sets a very strict limit above which it is economically impossible to raise the workers' standard of life," only if the rate of production be assumed to be constant. What of Mr. Keynes's prophecy in THE NATION two years ago that in a hundred years' time "the standard of life in progressive countries . . . will be between four and eight times as high as it is to-day"?

It is not the object of these remarks to suggest that Mr. Strachey may not be right; merely, that he is not inevitably right. It is not a foregone conclusion that human will and effort must cede the field to the forces of an iron determinism. There is always a reasonable betting that we may pull through without the catastrophe either of war or revolution, in the course of which such civilisation as we have managed to achieve would quite certainly disappear. While this reasonable chance exists, reasonable men will work for it. Mr. Strachey pours scorn on Mr. Wells's Liberal Fascism, as inherently contradictory. But why is there any necessary contradiction in seeking to impose the disciplines and to enlist the enthusiasms which have brought both Fascism and Communism to success in pursuit of the traditional ends of an enlightened Liberalism? Mr. Strachey would probably feel insulted, if I were to suggest that he should join the recently formed Federation of Progressive Societies. But why should he not make a last throw for reasoned control before it is too late?

C. E. M. JOAD.

OPEN DOORS

Irish Airs. By D. M. LARGE. Illustrated by GEORGE MORROW. Constable. 5s.

These *Irish Airs* are well named. They are as full of country smells and associations as the west wind that sometimes blows against your face in a London street and goes on, having disturbed you. These sketches have much in common with that wind. Mrs. Large knows how to achieve her effects without unnecessary words. Even her rich talkers in a country of talkers are justified in their fluency. The book is an authentic picture of Irish village life as it is still lived, politics and the Censorship Bill and the financial crisis and other modern causes of disturbance appearing indeed, but in their proper place, as one realises most events of history have appeared to those who lived through them.

The briefness of the sketches is effective. Each one suggests an encounter, a meeting between people or animals who go their way after. These encounters make up the full social life of Cloonagh as of many another Irish village. (For those of the author's country-people who read the book, the village will have always another dear and familiar name.) This life is not limited to humans. It includes the asses and goats and the dogs and hens who wander about the street and in and out of the shops, of which there are so many in an Irish village, that they might exist only so that a man may stand all day, apparently, leaning over the counter talking to another man, invisible in the shadows the other side. The animals are as sociable as their owners. The gate of an Irish yard stands open and the animals and fowl wander out of it as they please and the humans wander in as they please. Mrs. Large has made very clear the openness of these Irish doors. One knows that they have never been closed to her. Love and understanding of animals are all through this book. One would love to quote again and again, but there is no space. It is a book that stirs a hundred happy and gentle memories. An enchanting account of "walking" a hound puppy (that unsuitable description for such a breathless occupation) took this reader back to an Irish winter day of drifting pale sunlight, and black hedges and black canal water, into which a hound puppy fell softly and helplessly as she did everything, with a glance backwards from a small beseeching face as though swimming had never been heard of, and back to the thrilling rescue that followed.

The humour is delicious—the phrases, the wordy battles between the various characters. Like other Irish writers in whose tradition she follows worthily, Mrs. Large, I think, has kept a note-book. She is no less successful with her humans than with her animals. Because the doors in Ireland stand open still,

Three New Novels

Each 7s 6d net

SHE WAS SOPHIA

RUTH MANNING-SANDERS

"Sophia is perfect and wholly captivating. A typical, humorous and not in the least sentimental book."—*New Statesman.*

STORM IN OXFORD

E. TANGYE LEAN

"This is a daring book . . . this striking book . . . A brilliant book, anyhow, and an author of whom more will be heard." TOM CLARKE—*News Chronicle.*

"Melodramatic and a little mad."—*New Statesman.*

SILENT MEADOWS

F. H. DORSET

". . . opening the book in the middle . . . I had no choice but to read the story right through, and . . . I thoroughly enjoyed the tale." GEORGE GORDON—*Book Society News.*

"In fidelity to truth, sustained power of writing and construction, and understanding of the human heart, Miss Dorset makes her mark with this second novel as a writer of rare qualities."—*Everyman.*

COBDEN-SANDERSON

APPLETON

LANGUAGE AND LANGUAGES

By W. L. GRAFF. A general introduction to linguistics designed to reveal to the student and general reader the fundamental concepts and organization of the science of language. 18s.

RESTLESS STAR

By HANS REISIGER. The impetuous passion, the dramatic sweep, the rich humour and the emotional variety of a tortured and triumphant genius, **Richard Wagner**, are revealed in this highly individual biography which has been received in Germany with unusual praise. 15s.

JAPANESE GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS

By H. S. QUIGLEY, PH.D., LL.D. Undertaken to meet the need for a volume giving an introductory study to a subject unusually important at the present time. (Ready Shortly.) 21s.

AFTER FIVE O'CLOCK

By ELIZABETH CORBETT. The author of *The Young Mrs. Meigs* has written the story of a young business woman whose daily life was sharply divided by the hour of five o'clock. Before then she worked, afterward she played—until she found the right man. 7s. 6d.

HEAD TIDE

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. "One of the breeziest yarns that this author has ever spun." "Delightful characterization."—*Times.* 7s. 6d.

Appleton Book Service—Autumn number on application.

34 BEDFORD STREET LONDON

AFTER DEMOCRACY

BY

H. G. WELLS

Surveys the World of Today and Forecasts the Future

7/6 net

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS

WATTS

Novels of working class Life

in GERMANY

Storm over the Ruhr - - 2/6

Barricades in Berlin - - 2/-

in U.S.A.

Gathering Storm - - - 3/6

in BRITAIN

Infantry Training - - - (Dec.)
(provisional title)

Note also:—

The Soviet Worker *by J. Freeman* **- - - - 5/-**

National Question in the U.S.S.R. - *A. Rysakoff* **2/6**

Days with Lenin *by Maxim Gorki* **- - - 1/6**

Bolsheviks in the Tsarist Duma - - *Badayev* 7/6

The Only Way Out - *Burns* **2/6**

New Catalogues Ready

Martin Lawrence Ltd.
26 Bedford Row, London

whether of country houses or yards or cottages, the two worlds meet and mingle all the time. Mr. George Morrow's illustrations are delightful. There is a wonderful description of an octogenarian's first motor drive, and the artist has done a lovely breathless sketch of him, driving as he had been accustomed to drive, on an outside car through the wind and rain. Looking at it, one can feel the wind and rain in one's face and hear the old man's voice raise over it. "Different air entirely from what'd be on the ground," his first discovery; and his simple wisdom: "I do keep the ould time, for amn't I ould myself?"

There is much wisdom in this book, more than in many that set out to be wise. Here is life as it is lived, with work, suffering, old age, poverty, beauty and laughter. "Distance still is distance to the poor," one reads. And there is a lovely sketch called "Sheep and Lambs," in which an old man, listening to the cries of the lambs each year, remembers other fields he knew forty years earlier, always with the longing of an exile. Mrs. Large can make her reader feel that nostalgia.

> "They do say I'd see great changes if so be I went back there," said William uncertainly; but one could see that he did not believe it. Mountains do not alter and green sunlit valleys are still the same. . . .

The things of which Mrs. Large writes do not change either or one is convinced that they do not, when one is reading *Irish Airs*. One is sure that the Bridge of Cloonagh would be the same if one went back to it in a grey twilight or a green summer dusk, the air soft with many voices, the stones worn smooth by those who have leant on them. (But the bridge one sees—not Cloonagh's bridge—was perhaps blown up in the "troubled days," that fatalistic impersonal phrase which we use in Ireland to convey everything and commit us to nothing.)

There are occasional passages which come near to poetry. Again, a sketch which is simple and slight, although charming. There is never any attempt at cleverness or phrase making. This is as simple as the life it describes, a life that, like the mountains, does not change. I wondered sometimes as I read the book if Mrs. Large had not something better to give us yet, good as this and her first book, *Cloonagh*, are.

I do not know if it is permissible for a reviewer to give his or her reasons for liking a book particularly at a certain moment. It happened that when *Irish Airs* first blew in my face I had just done a week of theatre-going, redeemed only by *Miracle at Verdun* played, unlike the others, to an unfilled house. There may seem no connection between *Words and Music* and *Evensong* and *Irish Airs*. There is none—which is one reason why I recommend it.

PAMELA HINKSON.

UP IN THE AIR

Orient Air Express. By PAUL MORAND. Cassell. 6s.

In the novelist's world of Blue Trains, Bentleys and Mediterranean cruises, the air-liner—more recent and dazzling than any of them—still keeps to the upper air. It is definitely highbrow, a spot on the horizon. Nothing ever happens in an aeroplane except that one gets very quickly somewhere or crashes in the fog—both of which unfortunately tend to make a chapter shorter. There is no aerial scenery to compare for glamour with the Riviera, the lazy curve of littoral, the café terraces and enigmatic smiles over precious drinks. The Madonna of the Imperial Airways sits, poor girl, by herself, more enigmatic than patience can bear, wedged in a saloon as unresponsive as a dentist's room, unable to talk, unable even to smoke. Romance being out of the question, there is not even the traditional background of humorous discomfort to fall back on: the jokes about cotton-wool and paper bags soon run out. No wonder our Dekobras keep one foot on land and one on sea, and leave the air to highbrows like M. Morand.

Orient Air Express is first of all a record—exquisitely done—of the sensations of air travel. It is a strange, almost anonymous world of the sensations into which the traveller enters as he takes his seat in the aeroplane: the flood-lit aerodrome sliding away in the darkness, in front a wheel hung uselessly in space and still spinning slowly from its race off the ground, the menacing head and shoulder of the pilot. Stunned by the noise of the engines, one loses identity, even of the sensations. The aeroplane rocks gently and dips like a boat; it is doing 120 miles per hour, but it does not seem to—even at night. A dog-cart gives twice the impression of speed. Detachment and isolation are the supreme sensations of air flight: an odd mixture too of monotony and excitement. M. Morand, an expert traveller, a connoisseur in the detachment of odd states of mind, records all this in a descriptive prose whose beauty is based on exactness. Here, for example, is the start at dawn over the industrial Rhine:

> The earth seemed to fly back and hurl the travellers away like a spring. The aeroplane, floating above a bottle-green expanse, started to circle in the sky. Like ogres the factories of the Rhine, with their roofs resembling endless rows of Chinese fire-screens, devoured whole districts, driving out men and women. The sound of the sirens calling this population to work, shrill as a Jew's lament, was inaudible, but one could see their little jets of white steam. The smoke of the chimneys, belching like blunderbusses, thickened the mist, now sticky as glue and clinging to the fabric of the wings. Then it thinned out everywhere, except over the woods, where it lingered in cloudy veils like a materialised dream of the earth. . . .

There are a dozen passages in *Orient Air Express* as vivid and exact as this. The book should surprise and fascinate those who have never ventured in the air, and satisfy those who have. M. Morand's prose is a triumphant challenge to the poetry of the movie on its own grounds. I have seen many aero-films, but none, except at moments, that rivals the effects of M. Morand's prose. The films give an impression of exploring the inane in more senses than one, with the occasional beauty of an accumulated cloudscape. M. Morand gives the true immobilised excitement of the whole thing.

Orient Air Express is, incidentally, a story. The aeroplane journey to Bucharest starts from conversation at a dinner-party in Paris: "Didn't he see the rockets in time?" . . . "The 230-h.p. Salmson . . . water-cooled . . . air-cooled . . . Gnome and Rhône . . . Jupiter . . . Hispano . . .": the cool, slick, anonymous, expensive atmosphere of the new highbrow sportsmen. Someone at the table says it is possible to fly from Paris to Bucharest in a day's hop; impossible: they take sides. Prince Dmitri will fly to Bucharest to buy a pound of caviare, and then back, in time for dinner two days later.

The journey takes up half the book. Once in Bucharest, Prince Dmitri meets friends, lets the time slip by, and still has not bought his caviare. After a crescendo of binges he finds himself, near the border of Russia, making a select tour of a caviare factory. Dirty tubs stand about the quay, there is an odour of leather and cod liver; fishermen with apostolic faces plunge their hands, for the roe, into the living fish. Prince Dmitri returns with his friends to the hotel; at dinner, he will have no more caviare. A gipsy singing to the guitar reminds him of old Russia; he is sick of the futility of his life in Paris and his rich companions, and at night slips away across the border to Russia, Red or White.

M. Morand knows every millimetre of the sensations described; his barometer is never out. The story accumulates a rich nostalgia, brought on by the isolation of the long journey and the racket of amusements in Bucharest, to which with perfect skill he gives a genuine restricted poignancy. Unlike Mr. Huxley, M. Morand can depict his world without loathing and often without irony; he really fancies it. *Orient Air Express* is as slick and graceful as an aeroplane, without its din.

G. W. STONIER.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Delectable West. By HERBERT RUSSELL. Bell. 6s.

Nowadays guide books are so often the work of novelists, poets and essayists that they have long since laid themselves open to be considered from an artistic as well as a utilitarian point of view. Sir Herbert Russell's *The Delectable West* cannot, alas! be recommended either as an itinerary for a holiday (though that is partly due to the large field it covers, the whole of Devon and Cornwall), nor as a topographical manual. But Sir Herbert's love for and delight in the places he describes cannot be doubted, and it is as a collection of personal reminiscences of the West of England that the book has a value. The style is excessively discursive, and strewn with quotations of the "stately homes of England," "white walls of Albion" type; and churches and houses and rivers have strange characteristics: of Tiverton we are told: "From the bridge it is a symphony in ivy and time-frosted masonry seeming to cuddle down into a perfect riot of sheltering gardens." Yet a kind of naive exuberance allays irritation, and induces respect for a very real, if uncritical, love for remembered pleasant places.

The Moral Judgment of the Child. By JEAN PIAGET. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.

In this the most brilliant and persuasive of Professor Piaget's studies of the child's mind we are led from a consideration of the game of marbles and its rules to a new psychology and a new pedagogy;

UNEMPLOYMENT

The final report of the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance is now ready. It contains a comprehensive review of the problem, an examination of the principles on which public provision for unemployed workers should be based (including a 'means test' etc.), and a proposal that a Statutory Commission should be appointed to administer a new scheme, the scope and provisions of which are outlined.
Roy. 8vo. pp. viii + 529. 7s. 6d. (8s.)

OTTAWA

Summary of Proceedings and copies of Trade Agreements of the Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa. Cmd. 4174. 1s. 6d. (1s. 8d.)
Appendices. Cmd. 4175. 3s. (3s. 3d.)
These documents will be in the centre of political discussion for many months.

CHRISTMAS BOOK

A Christmas Picture Book. 20 plates celebrating the Nativity. 12th Century to the present day. 6d. (7d.) The Coloured Reproductions (9in. × 11½in.) issued by the Victoria and Albert Museum, make attractive gifts. Virgin and Child by Carlo Crivelli, Landscape Study by John Constable. 1s. each (1s. 2d.). (4 others available.)

All prices are net. Those in brackets include postage.

H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE

LONDON: Adastral House, Kingsway, W.C.2.
EDINBURGH: 120, George Street. MANCHESTER: York Street.
CARDIFF: 1, St. Andrew's Crescent. BELFAST: 15, Donegall Sq., W.
Or through any Bookseller.

HUTCHINSON'S
important new books

J. A. MOLLISON'S

Autobiograph: DEATH COMETH SOON OR LATE
Foreword by AMY JOHNSON.

Mr. Mollison's career has been an almost continual flirtation with death. This is a book of amazing interest and cannot but stir the imagination of all who read it. Illus. 10/6

CHARLES B. COCHRAN'S

I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN . . . (3rd imp.)
Foreword by A. P. HERBERT.

"There is not a page or line that is not a delight."—*MNG. POST.* "A magnificent mixed bag."—*TIMES* "There is not a dull page."—*D. MAIL.* Illus. 12/6

HERBERT GLADSTONE

A MEMOIR by SIR CHARLES MALLET
J. A. SPENDER: "An interesting and admirably written memoir"—(*Spectator*) "Excellent memoir."—*L'POOL POST.* Illus. 18/-

GAY COURT LIFE

FRANCE IN THE XVIIIth CENTURY
by LUCIENNE ERCOLE. "A spicy dish . . . intimate enough and scandalous enough to please even a film fan."—*S. REFEREE.* Illus. 18/-

The INVISIBLE WEAPONS

by J. C SILBER.
Foreword by Maj.-Gen. Lord Edward GLEICHEN 10/6

Send for full list No. 27

HUTCHINSON & CO. (*Publishers*) **Ltd., London, E.C.4**

THE ARYAN PATH

Vol. III. **No. 11.**

PRINCIPAL NOVEMBER CONTENTS:

THE CURSE OF RELIGIONS — JOSEPH GAER
THE THRILL OF PSYCHOSIS — CHARLES DERNIER
PHILOSOPHY AND MYSTICISM — J. D. BERESFORD
MUSLIM ESOTERICISM — HUGH I' A. FAUSSET
FIVE LIGHTS AT THE CROSS ROADS—V. SIMEON BEN YOHAI — GEOFFREY WEST
THE RELIGION OF WILLIAM BLAKE — JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY
ALCHEMY IN CHINA — E. J. HOLMYARD

Annual Subscription £1. Half-Yearly 10/-. Single Copies 2/6

20, GROSVENOR PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1.

WHY NOT GIVE BOOKS?

When planning your Christmas presents—and now is the time to think of friends who are overseas—remember that books are among the

MOST INEXPENSIVE GIFTS

and yet, if well chosen, may easily become the most cherished of possessions.

Write for our Christmas List or call and let us help you make your selection from our varied stock.

TRUSLOVE & HANSON

Booksellers, Heraldic and Court Stationers,
14a, CLIFFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1
(*Regent 6493-6494.*) (*Second door from Bond Street.*)

All The New Books This Autumn

All the new books published this Autumn, whether reviewed or advertised in "THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION" or in any other publication, can be obtained through any Bookshop or Railway Station Bookstall of

W. H. SMITH & SON

Newsagents : Booksellers : Librarians : Stationers : Bookbinders
1250 BOOKSHOPS AND BOOKSTALLS IN ENGLAND AND WALES
***Head Office:** W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., Strand House, Portugal Street, London, W.C.2*

A W.H.S. BOOK BARGAIN

FOUNDATIONS *of the* 19TH CENTURY

By H. S. CHAMBERLAIN

A translation from the German by JOHN LEES, M.A., D.Litt. (Edin.), with an Introduction by LORD REDESDALE. A great historical survey from early times to the year 1800. 2 vols. Published at 15/-.

OFFERED AT **5/-**

Save postage by ordering through any W.H.S. Branch. *Postage 9d. extra*

or rather, for Professor Piaget is the most modest of experimental psychologists, to a "scaffolding" for the erection of the same. The game of marbles has been chosen because it is essentially a child's game, rarely played after the thirteenth year, and therefore uncomplicated by adult direction; and because its rules, exceptionally numerous and complicated and continually subject to agreed alteration, are rules formulated by children themselves in co-operation to improve skill and ensure fairness. The children chosen for this and the succeeding experiments have been those of the poorer classes in Geneva and between the ages of two and eleven. Observation demonstrated that infants playing together devise games, unorganised of course, by imitation of each other. The next stage shows them, in contact with children who know something of the game, accepting the rules as sacred, unchangeable, and imposed from above, yet adapting them freely to their still egocentric mentality. At the next age, roughly from eight to thirteen, the children are found to accept the rules as sound but mutable provided that any change suggested is discussed and generally agreed. This classification of conformist and rational is found to hold good for the same ages when moral judgments on childish misdemeanours such as clumsiness, disobedience, lying and thieving are investigated. The implications of this classification—conformist and co-operative—are brilliantly elaborated by Professor Piaget in relation to current sociological, psychological and pedagogic theories.

A Study in Creative History: The Interaction of the Eastern and Western Peoples to 500 B.C. By O. E. BURTON. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

It is a little difficult to know for whom this book with its mixture of learning and naivety is written, or what bearing such brief studies of Greece and Rome, Persia, India, China, Egypt and Israel prior to 500 B.C. could have upon our consideration of a post-war world involved in a highly complex economic catastrophe, or upon a resurgent Asia suddenly alive to Occidental institutions and eager to adopt and adapt them, regardless of their more subtle implications. Starting with the suggestion that history may be considered as the interaction of the Eastern and Western peoples, Mr. Burton holds that roughly 500 B.C. is the time when the stage was set for international action, the salient fact it seems being the contemporaneous appearance of Buddha, Confucius and Isaiah. What follows is a series of brief and not particularly authoritative or convincing histories of the leading civilisations of 500 B.C. The stage is to some extent set, but as what happened during the succeeding 500 years is not given, the utility of the work is dubious.

JUST PUBLISHED

EDMUND BLUNDEN

NEW POEMS

HALFWAY HOUSE

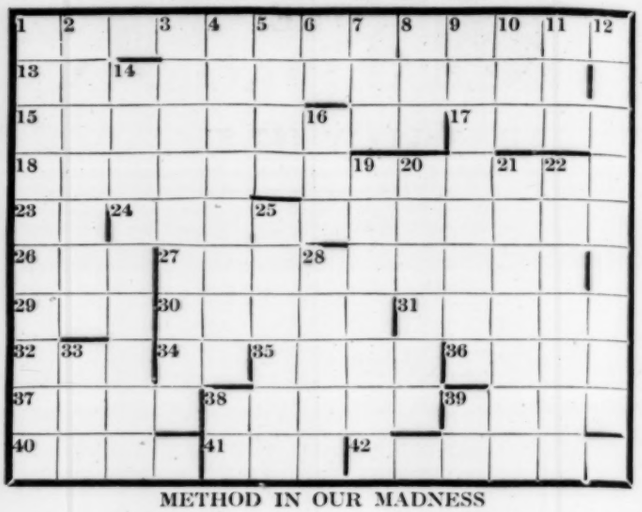
6s net

A genuine and considerable supplement to "Poems 1914-1930"

COBDEN—SANDERSON

Playtime

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



METHOD IN OUR MADNESS

ACROSS.

1. One short cut to penal servitude.
13. Bishops and the like.
15. Stalin plays one (perhaps).
17. Mingle your tears.
18. Unhealthy bodily condition.
23. Involved in all toil.
24. Tiny moulds.
26, 29. Lunatic very much at large.
27. These might aid your grip.
29. *See* 26.
30. The dark lady in a muddle.
31. Useful in producing a grimace.
32. Drake was up against this fellow.
34. King Charles, in short.
35. Not one of Stalin's instruments.
36. Has had a good run for his money.
37. Father of Sheshai and Ahiman.
38. Neither sharp nor unconfused.
39. They are crossing the sands of Dee perhaps?
40. I've made a hash of a Dickens' character.
41. Comes before the haw.
42. Ernest comes in backwards.

DOWN.

1. You take this sort of council at Oxford
2. Terra-cotta pipe.
3. Once Mr. Chaplin's speciality.
4. Useful in Eel-pie Island?
5. Biased bias.
6. Cultured organisation.
7. Headless bill.
8. Revolutionary's artistic interior.
9 *rev.* Supported the head of Captain Drummond.
10. A Greek letter turns up.
11. The first immigrants didn't study botany.
12. Crossword solving is, largely.
14. Suppressed literature might sometimes be so called.
16. Confused utterance in Montmartre.
19. Not flowery.
20. Is 19.
21. The Ancients only recognised four.
22. Support.
25. You might do this for 13.
28. Statistics or furniture?
33. Unitary.
38, 39. Quaker's form of address.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD.

ACROSS.—1. She. 4. *Puck.* 8. steps. 14. *Titania.* 16. *Quince.* 18. apes. 19. Ian(s). 20. *Bottom.* 21. R.P. 22. *Philostrate.* 25, 33. *Oberon.* 27. ta-ta *rev.* 30. *Snout.* 32. clan. 34. air (Shelley). 36, 54. *Hermia.* 37. *Lysander.* 41. sfeli (flies). 43. Itn (tin). 44. Dan(iel) *rev.* 45. L.C.C. 47. L.R.B. 48. nan (sea). 49. Ophelia *rev.* 50. M(e)ss. 52. goggle. 53. Hyde.

DOWN.—1. *Starveling.* 2. *Hippolyta.* 3. Pete *rev.* 5, 6. uncial. 7. kano(on). 9. stout *rev.* 11. pntao (panto). 12. Scot. 13. *Demetrius.* 15. ashen. 16. Q.B. (Queen's Bishop). 19. liar. 23. starchy. 24. R.N.R. 26. B.A. 28. toddle. 29. *Helena rev.* 31. bleu *rev.* 36, 51 *rev.* Is—is. 36. Herm. 38. Snug. 39. a nag (rams). 40. nail. 42. floe. 46. c(a)p.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

Problem 17.—DOMINOES

A, B, C and D are playing a simple game at Dominoes. They have seven dominoes each to begin with, and each starting with A, with B, C, and D following in that order, contribute in turn to the building of a chain. The only condition to be complied with is that one end of each domino played must be numerically identical with one of the open ends of the chain that is being built.

The total pip values of the first two dominoes played by each are:

A's two dominoes: 23. C's two dominoes: 18.
B's two dominoes: 20. D's two dominoes: 16.

On the third round A plays the 6-2.

What, in sequence, are the first eight dominoes played?

Problem 15.—END GAME

"If you find me dead it will be the work of Hoyle."

The data are these: (1) there are twenty squares with pieces on them; (2) every move made in the "game" (except captures) is a move to one of these squares; (3) there are twenty letters in the caption to the "problem." These twenty letters are the keys which enable the squares to be identified. The letters of Brunswick's message can then be read off in sequence.

Problem 14.—THE THIRD BLOTTO PROBLEM

Sets of Low's cartoons are awarded to:

(1) W. H. Boll "Allermuir," Forest Avenue, Forest Hall, Northumberland.

(2) Dr. E. T. O. Slater, 2, Montagu House, Paddington Street, W.1.

There were 13 correct and 14 other solutions.

Sets of Low's cartoons, in portfolio, will be awarded to the senders of the first two correct solutions opened. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday, Nov. 22nd.

THE WEEK-END PROBLEM BOOK

I have to acknowledge with thanks a number of inquiries. The book is now in the press and will be published this month; particulars will be sent to all inquirers as soon as they are available. CALIBAN.

THE
LIBERAL MAGAZINE

Edited by HAROLD STOREY

NOVEMBER NUMBER

The Ottawa Policy:

Outline of Agreements, Parliamentary Debates, Facts and Opinions, etc.

House of Commons control of Taxes.
Trade with Russia.
Lytton Report.
Bacon Report.
Biography of Lord Oxford.

6d. Monthly. *6s. a Year.*

Liberal Publication Department,
42, Parliament Street, London, S.W.1.

H. HESSELL TILTMAN'S

Slump!

The alarming truth about stricken Europe TO-DAY

Lord SNOWDEN says:—

"A really marvellous piece of work, and it will remain a permanent record of the state of Europe in the depth of this industrial catastrophe . . . entirely free from partisan propaganda. I hope it will be widely read."

TIMES: "An outstanding work . . . stark facts."
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION: "Mr. Tiltman deserves congratulation."
STAR: "An unvarnished story of the facts of contemporary history."
NEWS CHRONICLE: "A comprehensive survey."
ECONOMIST: "Vivid and vigorous."

Lavishly Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.

JARROLDS, PUBLISHERS (LONDON), LTD.

FACTS OF LIFE

BOOKS which will supply knowledge of the facts of Life are a necessity to every man and woman. Recent utterances by legal and religious authorities have marked emphatically the definite change of opinion that has taken place during the past few years regarding the necessity of sound Sex Education. We had foreseen such a change, and the undermentioned books by authoritative authors—dealing with all the phases of the subject—provide all the information necessary for you to have. In your own interests you are urged to make your choice without delay:—

By Dr. G. COURTENAY BEALE.

WISE WEDLOCK (Birth Control). Nearly 100,000 sold. The most complete book on Birth Control 6/3

SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE Dr. Beale's latest work. A remarkable book of revelation .. 6/3

THE REALITIES OF MARRIAGE A book of guidance for Men and Women in which Dr. Beale answers most Marital problems 6/3

WOMAN'S CHANGE OF LIFE An entirely new **practical** book by this well-known author which will prove of inestimable value to every woman 5/3

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF SEX. By Dr. R. T. TRALL. The most illuminating book ever published, and the only Authentic illustrated edition 13/-

PITFALLS OF MARRIAGE M. Gallichan's latest and most able volume on Marriage. Read it and ensure happy married life 3/9

MEDICAL VIEWS ON BIRTH CONTROL With an introduction by Sir Thomas Horder, Bart. Let your decisions be guided by this book, written by the greatest medical authorities in the land.. .. .. 3/9

A Popular Series by Dr. G. COURTENAY BEALE.

MARRIAGE: BEFORE AND AFTER Full of important information and advice.
THE PERFECT WIFE A book which every woman should read.
THE COMPLETE HUSBAND A wonderful book of advice for the Husband of to-day and to-morrow.
THE HAPPY LOVER A luminous guide book of unequalled help to millions.
WOMAN AND LOVE. Every woman will be the better for the reading of this wonderful work.

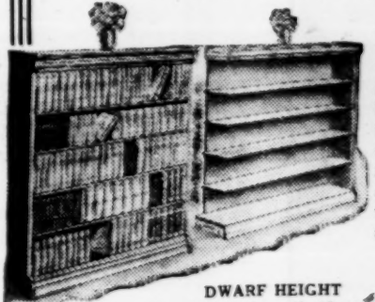
1/2 each or the five books for 5/4

All prices include postage.
Make your selection from these important books and send Cheque or P.O. now to

THE GEORGE H. WALES Publishing Co.,
Dept. 169, 26 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.

MASTERCRAFT PORTABLE SHELVING

Inexpensive and Grows with your Needs



Adapts itself to the varying heights of your books. Portable and Extensible, it can be added to at any time. It is economical, durable, perfectly rigid and of handsome appearance. Fitted with adjustable shelves.

ALL PRICES REDUCED

DWARF HEIGHT Initial Bay 4′ 6″ × 3′ 2½″ with 4 adjustable shelves 8″ deep, **£3 10 0** (Back 9/- extra.)

FULL HEIGHT Initial Bay 7′ 6″ × 3′ 2½″ with 8 adjustable shelves 8″ deep, **£4 10 0** (Back 16/- extra.)

This beautiful brochure FREE! on application

Write for Brochure No. 31.

LIBRACO LIMITED
EQUIPMENT FOR LIBRARIES
62, Cannon St. London
TELEPHONE 6500 CITY

DWARF OAK BOOKCASES
Initial Bay 3′ 9″ × 2′ 9″ ..... 35 -
Two Bay 3′ 9″ × 5′ 5″ ..... 67 -
Carriage Paid in Gt. Britain

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

CONVERSION DISCOUNT—WALL STREET—GERMANY—ELECTRICITY BOARD—FINLAND.

BY TOREADOR

THAT nervous animal the "stag" has stampeded in the gilt-edged market, causing temporary damage to the price of British Government credit. It happened that professional investors in the City "stagged" the 3 per cent. Conversion Loan with the idea that allotments would be at about 40 per cent. But they were allotted 70 per cent. of their applications. Further, the Treasury played a joke on them by allotting applications up to £5,000 in full—as if the small investor really existed! Surely the Treasury should have known that in this case the £5,000 names were nominees of the big "stags." Thus the "stags" found themselves loaded with much more stock than they had bargained for and the new loan opened at a discount of about ½ and sank to 1 discount. The long-dated and medium-dated stocks were also subjected to selling—mainly by those anxious to provide funds to pay for the new Loan. A difference of 9½ points emerged between the price of 3 per cent. Local Loans (87) and 3 per cent. Conversion (96½). A redeemable loan will ordinarily command a substantial premium over an irredeemable one but a difference of 9½ points is too much. It is, of course, easy to say that Local Loans are too low, but the fact is that the gilt-edged market is in a technical state of indigestion and until the December 1 maturities have been met and the "stags" eliminated from 3 per cent. Conversion, it will probably not be able to stomach another advance. That it will recover from its present malaise is certain as long as bank money is forced, through trade stagnation, to seek employment in Government funds. And the increase in "idle" bank money will continue as long as the Government's policy remains one of deflation. The time to leave the gilt-edged market is when the Government has decided to stop creating a paradise for rentiers. This will come when it is so frightened about unemployment that it will bring its improved rate of credit to the help of industry by guaranteeing loans raised for capital works of national reconstruction. Of this there is no sign at present.

* * *

The Wall Street weather-cock points, if I am not mistaken, to a post-election recovery. The recent fall in share prices ran away from the business indices but was in keeping with politics and the reaction in commodity prices. A return of political confidence should improve both securities and commodities. Governor Roosevelt's coming to power had provided a holiday for the bears: now it is possible for the bulls to have a fling. Wall Street will find out that nothing is so bad as it is feared, even a Democrat President. A few sensible actions on Mr. Roosevelt's part—for example, a debt conference to "axe" the European war debts, and a constructive policy for the World Economic Conference—would quickly turn professional investors again to the business of discounting a trade recovery. Here are some American equity shares which should shape well in a market advance:

	1932 per Share Earnings (est.). $.	Div. basis (est.). $.	1932 Prices. High.	Low.	Present.	Div. Yield. %
Texas Gulf Sulphur Co. (no par) ...	2.40	2	26¾	12	22¾	8.79
Electric Storage Battery Co. (no par)	2.00	2	33½	12¾	25½	7.84
Standard Brands Inc. (no par) ...	1.25	1.20	17½	8¼	16	7.50
General Mills Inc. (no par)	4.00	3	48½	28	41¾	7.19
American Can Co. ($25 par)	3.25	4	73½	29½	54xd	7.41

* * *

The stalemate of the German elections, emphasising that the von Papen Government is indispensable, is on the whole a "bull" point for German Government bonds. The riots in Berlin have had as little market effect as the riots in Hyde Park. The scare about the mark has passed—the Government having modified its import quota policy—and the Reichsbank has greatly strengthened its position, its ratio of "cover" slowly improving. It is clear that the hoarding of currency has finally ceased, for the note circulation is about 700 million RM. below that of November, 1931. Even the Reichsbank holdings of gold and foreign currencies are slightly higher than in July. All this is encouraging. I notice that the Berlin correspondent of *The Economist* goes so far as to claim that the German balance of payments can be brought into equilibrium. Until the world tariff barriers have been lowered I would not be so confident, but it is gratifying to see how Germany is meeting her trade crisis. One of the most interesting schemes of the von Papen Government is the discounting by banks of the receipts for taxation payments. The German Stock Exchanges are to make a market in these taxation vouchers. According to the bulletin of the Deutsche Bank und Disconto-Gesellschaft the issue of taxation vouchers may reach a maximum of 2,200 million RM., so that the Stock Exchanges will receive one of the greatest security issues of all time. (Capital issues up to August 30th this year were only 320 million RM.). Apparently the taxation vouchers of only the credit-worthy will be discounted, but the scheme must be regarded as an ingenious method of providing an adequate credit supply for German industry. When world trade is at last freed from its shackles Germany, like America, should go rapidly ahead. I gave particulars of some German equities on October 22nd. Here are the prices and yields of the Government's external loans:

	Due.	Price.	Yields % Flat. £ s. d.	Yields % With Redn. £ s. d.
German, 7% (Dawes)	1949	82	8 10 9	9 2 6
German, 5½% (Young)	1935-65	77¾	10 8 0*	10 14 8*

* Interest payable at gold value of currency.

* * *

I continue to receive a lively correspondence on the subject of the Central Electricity Board stocks. There is, as usual, a glorious conflict of expert opinion. Let me summarise the position as follows. Authorised electricity supply undertakings are not obliged to buy current from the Board (I thought I had corrected any impression to the contrary), but if they do, they pay a tariff price which will cover the Board's "grid" debt service (service on the debt represented by standardisation of frequency is recoverable by a levy on the supply industry). Now the grid has cost about £28,000,000. The capital charges represented by this expenditure are probably not more than £2,500,000 per annum. Excluding capital costs, the total cost of generation of the "authorised undertakers" in this country in 1930 was 0.26d. per unit. For 1932 it will be slightly less, say 0.24d. per unit. The £2,500,000 capital charges of the Board are equivalent to 0.054d. per unit on the total 1932 estimated output of the undertakers. The Board, to effect sales of current, must therefore find undertakers willing to close down their stations either because future capital charges are likely to be in excess of 0.054d. per unit, or because the Board will ultimately effect economies in running costs greater than 0.054d. per unit. The Board has fixed a tariff which in the first few years will show a deficiency of revenue on expenditure: it estimates that it will take ten years to overtake the initial deficit on working. The Board is not intended to make any profits and it aims at getting the price of electricity down to a point at which it can be of a maximum benefit to the industry of the country. If it has to fix an initial rate which is deliberately uneconomic in order to stimulate the greater use of electricity, it may have to set payments of interest on its debt against capital for a longer period, but I cannot believe that the Government would not come to its help for this purpose. If any investor feels any doubt about their future he should sell the stocks of the Central Electricity Board, but personally I would sooner hold these stocks than those of the Agricultural Mortgage Bank.

* * *

A correspondent has been hurt by my remark that Finland was one of those countries which are expected to default, but would not. He declares that Finland has never been suspected of default. Well, Finland 6½ per cent. dollar bonds, 1954, were quoted in New York at one time last year at 33¼, and a country which is predominantly agricultural, with a marked dependence on the timber trade, was bound to be talked about by scandalous brokers. Finland undoubtedly went through an awkward time in the credit crisis of 1931, but she has maintained a favourable balance of trade—the export surplus for the eight months to August this year being 843 million finmarks against 562 million finmarks in the corresponding period of 1931—and her Government no longer finds it necessary to control the exchange. For this reason I suggested Finnish Government bonds as one of the better speculative investments in the foreign bonds market. In this case it is not even necessary to buy the dollar bonds to obtain a high yield, as the following table will show:

Finland Sterling Issues.	Due.	Price.	Yields % Flat. £ s. d.	Yields % With Redn. £ s. d.
4½% Railway Loan, 1909	1965	70	9 12 6*	10 1 6*
6%, 1923	1963	82½	7 5 9	7 9 9
Industrial Mortgage Bank, 6%, 1930 (guaranteed by Finnish Govt.)	1955	77½	7 15 9	8 5 3

* At Fl. 8.44 to the £.

Interest on the first loan is payable in Amsterdam at the fixed rate of Fl. 12.10 to the £.

Dress Reform for poor Matilda!

It is disconcerting for a well-furnished sheep like poor Matilda to face the shears! But they also serve, that only stand and shiver, and she has done her bit. And many thousands before her have contributed likewise to one of our greatest blessings, for Wolsey Underwear has been firmly placed in public favour for nearly two centuries. Two centuries of toil and skill and knowledge lie behind this winter's Wolsey styles. Soft, well cut, all-protecting. Equal to months of wear and many washings. Wolsey Underwear might well be more expensive and still be called economy . . . see it in the shops.

PANTS, VESTS, SHORTS.

WOLSEY

UNDERWEAR FOR MEN

WOLSEY LTD. LEICESTER

VAPEX
(REG. TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head. Breathe the germicidal vapour from your handkerchief.

First thing every morning put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief.

Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V. 49

Gramophone Music for the Connoisseur

To be out of the ordinary is to be unique. We are out of the ordinary because we specialize in unique recordings that are so perfect as to please the most fastidious musical taste. Here are four recordings which all lovers of music will appreciate—

Couperin. Concert dans le Goût Théâtral Ecole Normale Chamber Orchestra conducted by A. Cortot. 2 records, 6/- each.

Gaubert. Les Chants de la Mer. French Symphony Orchestra conducted by Phillipe Gaubert. 2 records, 6/- each.

Saint-Saens. Variations on a Theme of Beethoven. Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson (piano duet). 2 records, 4/- each.

Tschaikowsky. Pianoforte Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Minor. Op. 23. Arthur Rubenstein and the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by J. Barbirolli. 4 records, 6/- each.

You will soon be thinking of Xmas presents, and there are few gifts more acceptable and lasting than carefully selected records of good gramophone music. For your records, radio or radiogram accept the intelligent advisory service of—

RIMINGTON, VAN WYCK, LTD
42/3 CRANBOURN STREET,
LONDON, W.C.2
(Just opposite the Hippodrome)
Gerrard 1171.

Hours 9.30 to 7 p.m. Thursdays 9.30 to 1 p.m.

We specialize in post orders, and pay carriage on orders of 15/- or over in the British Isles with a guarantee of safe delivery. Our November list of Foreign Recordings just issued, sent free on request.

THE charge for Classified Advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reductions for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advt. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2. (Hol. 3217.)

TRAINING CENTRES

BIRKBECK COLLEGE.
(University of London.)
Principal: GEORGE SENTER, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.I.C.
Evening Courses for the Degree of the University of London in the
FACULTIES OF ARTS, SCIENCE AND LAWS.
Courses in Classical French, English, German and Italian Literature and Languages.
Open to Non-University Students.
Studentships to the value of over £800 are awarded annually to students of the College.
Calendar, 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d. Prospectus free.
For full particulars apply to the SECRETARY:
BIRKBECK COLLEGE, FETTER LANE, E.C.4.

EAST LONDON COLLEGE (University of London E.1)—UNIVERSITY COURSES IN ARTS, SCIENCE, MEDICINE AND ENGINEERING (Civil, Mechanical and Electrical). Fee £22 10s. a year. Residential Halls for Men and for Women Students. Prospectus post free.—E. J. WIGNALL, Registrar.

F.O., CONSULAR, HOME CIVIL, I.C.S.
RESULTS, 1932.
Of the 59 vacancies announced, 30 have been offered to different candidates who studied at
DAVIES'S
5 Sussex Place, W.2. Padd. 3351/2.

THE SCHOOL, DARTINGTON HALL, TOTNES, SOUTH DEVON. A department for the training of teachers in Nursery School, Kindergarten, and Junior School methods was opened in September. Special attention is paid to the contributions of the newer schools of psychology and to the utilisation for education of rural life and industries. There will also be short courses for parents, school matrons, and others interested. Further particulars on application.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal, Miss STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years, and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fees £165 per annum. For prospectus, apply SECRETARY.

THE BEDFORD TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14 The Crescent, Bedford. Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: Miss MARGARET SPENCE. Students are prepared for the examinations of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence £94 10s. to £100 16s. Fees without residence £31 10s.—For particulars apply SECRETARY.

SCHOOLS

KING ARTHUR'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.—Apply Miss WALKERDINE, B.A. Courtfield Gardens, S.W.5.

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH (Recognised by the Board of Education). A thorough education at moderate fees for boys and girls to 19 years in an open air atmosphere where health of body and mind is regarded as the necessary foundation for education. Headmaster:—H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.).

WENSLEY House, Woodford Green, Essex. Home School near London. Children from two. Montessori Class for little ones.

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress:* Miss CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge, late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of the School is to develop the character, intellect and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music or Art. Fees, inclusive of Elocution, Dancing, Cookery, 200 guineas a year. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea-level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

BEDALES, Petersfield, Hants. The pioneer Co-educational Public School (founded 1893). Separate Junior House. For particulars of Scholarships offered apply to the Headmaster, J. H. BADLEY, M.A. Camb.

CHARLTON MARSHALL HOUSE (Nr.) Blandford, Dorset. Progressive preparatory school for boys. Beautiful grounds of 45 acres. Outdoor life. Boys with parents abroad specially cared for. Froebel certificated mistress for juniors. Reduced fees. Headmasters: R. A. L. Everett, M.A. Hons. Nat. Sci. Camb. (Jesus), H. E. Wood, B.A. Hons. Class. Camb. (King's).

SCHOOLS—continued

BADMINTON SCHOOL (Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol), A PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
Visitor: The Right Hon. the Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, P.C., K.C., M.A., D.C.L., LL.D. *President of the Board of Governors:* Gilbert Murray, Esq., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A. *Vice-Presidents:* Ernest Barker, Esq., Litt.D., D.Litt., Hon. LL.D.; Miss E. H. Major, C.B.E., M.A. *Chairman:* J. Odery Symes, Esq., M.D. *Head Mistress:* Miss B. M. Baker, B.A.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply Mrs. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

BEACON Hill School, Harting, Petersfield. Founded by Bertrand and Dora Russell. Co-educational. Applies modern knowledge to diet, teaching methods and psychology. Address inquiries DORA RUSSELL.

DR. WILLIAMS' SCHOOL, DOLGELLEY, NORTH WALES.
RECOGNISED BY BOARD OF EDUCATION.
HEADMISTRESS:
Miss E. CONSTANCE NIGHTINGALE, M.A. Endowed School. Inclusive fee for Board, Tuition and Books, 66 Guineas per year. Individual attention. Special attention to health and diet. Three leaving Scholarships tenable any University.

THE GARDEN SCHOOL, WYCOMBE COURT, LANE END, BUCKS. Boarding School for Girls (ages 4–18) in lovely part of Chiltern Hills, 61 acres, 550ft. above sea level. Sound education on free, individual lines, with scope for initiative and creative self-expression in all subjects, including art, crafts, music, dancing, eurhythmics. Aims at developing harmonised cultured personalities with a wide outlook on life and a high ideal of social usefulness. Fees £105–£165 per annum. Bursaries granted in suitable cases.

CROHAM HURST SCHOOL, South Croydon. Healthy and beautiful situation. Aim of education: free development as individuals and as members of general community. Independent study. Special attention to health and physical development. Pupils prepared for the Universities. Well-qualified staff. Principal: BERTA S. HUMPHREY.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

CIVIL SERVANT (retired), desires post; secretarial, library or literary. Apply Box 260, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPEWRITING

REPORTING SHORTHAND DUPLICATING. Technical MSS. and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS, PLAYS, etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—Mrs. BROOKER, 37 Belmont Road, St. Andrew's Park, Bristol.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, ETC.
Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed.
ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked.
Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent.
PROMPT SERVICE BUREAU, LIMITED.
6 Conduit Street, W.1. (Mayfair 3163/4.)

INTELLIGENT TYPING OF YOUR MSS.
Duplicating. Translations.—"N." EFFICIENCY SERVICE, 275, High Holborn, W.C. Holborn 0158.

LITERARY

LEARN to write Articles and Stories; make spare hours profitable. Booklet free.—REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191), 9 Palace Gate, W.8.

PORTRAITS

PORTRAITS by Artist Painter. VAN HENGELAAR, North Lodge, Stanmore, Middx, nr. London. Drawings, 3 gns. Pastel, 5 gns.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

TWO or three gentlemen would be happily installed in cheerful suite. Bath, coal fires, attendance. Two, £2 10s.; three, 3 gs. 'Phone: Mai. 3324. BATEMAN, 4, Alma Sq., St. John's Wood.

HOLLAND PARK. To let in private house a few bed-sitting rooms, decorated and furnished by Merchant Adventurers Ltd., to supply every modern comfort. Terms, inclusive of breakfast, bath, light and service, 37/6 and £2 2/- p.w., doubles £3/3/-. Evening meals if required from 1/9 extra. 33 Clarendon Road, W.11. 'Phone for appointment, Park 1154.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD, near Lord's. Charmingly furnished divan bed-sitting room. 'Phone: Primrose 3320 or write Cheshire 25a High Street, St. John's Wood.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The remaining Lectures of the Course on "AIR POWER" will be given by AIR COMMODORE J. A. CHAMIER, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., O.B.E., at the IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY (Exhibition Road, South Kensington, S.W.7.) on TUESDAYS NOVEMBER 15th and 22nd at 5.30 p.m.

A course of three Lectures on "Form and Content" will be given by Prof. M. SCHLICK, Ph.D. (Professor of Philosophy in the University of Vienna), at KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON (Strand, W.C.2), on NOVEMBER 21st, 23rd and 25th, at 5.30 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by Professor H. F. Hallett, M.A., D. Litt. (Professor of Philosophy in the University).

A course of three Lectures on "THE FEAR OF THE DEAD IN PRIMITIVE RELIGION" will be given by SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER, O.M., F.R.S. (Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge), at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1.), on NOVEMBER 25th, 29th and DECEMBER 1st at 5.30 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by Professor Sir Arthur Keith, F.R.C.S., F.R.S. (Hunterian Professor in the Royal College of Surgeons of England).

ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.
S. J. WORSLEY,
Academic Registrar.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, November 13th, at 11 a.m.
JOHN A. HOBSON, M.A.
REMAKING THE WORLD.

TRAVEL, HOTELS, &c.

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Comfort, refinement. Bedroom and Breakfast 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet "London Old and New" on application.

WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 1 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. 6d. day, or 30s. weekly. With dinner 6s. 6d., or 2 guineas weekly.

TORQUAY. Howden Court Private Hotel. Quiet but central situation. Overlooking sea. South aspect. Sun room and secluded garden. H. and C. water in bedrooms. A.A. appointed. Telephone 2807.

BOURNEMOUTH'S FOOD REFORM GUEST HOUSE, Loughtonhurst, West Cliff Gdns. Everything for a restful and happy holiday. From 49s. to 70s. P.W. Write to Manager for Prospectus.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Walsall House Private Hotel, West Cliff. Excellent cuisine and service, quiet situation. Sea 3 minutes. 'Phone 1926.—Miss L. STANLEY.

EASTBOURNE, Stanley House Private Hotel, Howard Square. Central and quiet position, near Band Stand and Devonshire Park. Excellent cuisine and service. 'Phone 1364.—The Misses M. and V. STANLEY.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Warm, sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Central heating, log fires. H. and c. water all bedrooms. Telephone 126.

STUDENTS! First-Class Private Hotel close to British Museum offers special accommodation for Students at very reasonable prices for longer periods. Write Box 261, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS

DRESDEN. Good family will receive young people in comfortable, well situated house for German studies. Excellent references. Frl. Boess, Wienerstrasse 35.

SLEEP. If you cannot—take a cup of the "Allenburys" Diet before retiring. Send 3d. stamps for trial sample. Allen & Hanburys Ltd. (Dept. N.S.1), 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

SCHOOL, college or personal arms painted on wood or glass from 10s. 6d. Stained glass plaques, heraldic panels, woodcut bookplates, etc. Particulars and photos from J. SELWYN DUNN, Kelmscott Studio, Lion Lane, Haslemere.

DOROTHY CARTER'S well-known jams and jellies for Xmas gifts in MINIATURE CASES 6" × 4", 6 varieties, 3s. 6d. incl. postage. DOROTHY CARTER Iden, Rye, Sussex.

ARTIFICIAL SUN CENTRES (West End). German lines. Indoor clublike facilities, physical exercises games. Unique Sunday Discussion Forum. Resist coming cold sunless winter. Write Sec., Box 143, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

"WHY I Became a Unitarian." Booklets, free.—Miss BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS.—Any length cut. Patterns free on stating shades desired.—JAMES STREET TWEED DEPOT, 104 Stornoway, N.B.

PULLOVERS, CARDIGANS, direct from the Shetlands. All kinds of Woollies hand-knitted for you personally by expert native knitters, from the lovely real Shetland wool. Nothing else is so soft, so light, so comfortable. The newest, most fashionable styles, plain, or in the famous "Fair-Isle" patterns. At Shetland prices, far less than shop prices. Wool prices are rising considerably, so order now before prices of knitted Woollies rise. Write for Free Illustrated Booklet: Wm. D. Johnson, S.T.140, Mid-Yell, Shetlands.

CADBURYS CUP CHOCOLATE
Now ½ lb. 9½d. 1 lb. 1/6

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. FIFTY-FIFTY. Wed. & Fri.

DRURY LANE. WILD VIOLETS. Wed. & Sat.

DUCHESS. CHILDREN IN UNIFORM. Wed., Sat.

GLOBE. FOR SERVICES RENDERED. Wed., Sat.

H'DROME. THE MERRY WIDOW. W., Th. & Sat.

PALACE. GRAND HOTEL. Daily.

QUEEN'S. EVENSONG. Wed., Sat.

ST. JAMES'. BEHOLD, WE LIVE. Wed., Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. STRANGE ORCHESTRA. Tu., F.

WESTMINSTER. FOLLOW ME. Wed., Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Temple Bar 6404.
Evgs. 8.15. Mats., Wed. and Fri., 2.30.
RALPH LYNN in
FIFTY-FIFTY.

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.15.
Sir Oswald Stoll presents
Erik Charell's
CASANOVA.

CROYDON REPERTORY. Fairfield 4529.
Nov. 14 for one week, at 8 p.m. (Sat. 5 p.m. & 8.15 p.m.)
MANY WATERS.
By MONCKTON HOFFE.
All seats bookable—1/6 to 3/6. Close to W. Croydon Stn.

DRURY LANE. Evgs. 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
HASSARD SHORT'S production of
WILD VIOLETS.
A Musical Comedy Operetta. Tem. 7171.

DUCHESS, Aldwych, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 6888.
Evenings at 8.30. Mats. Wed., & Sat. at 2.30.
CHILDREN IN UNIFORM.
Adapted from *MADCHEN IN UNIFORM.*

GLOBE THEATRE. Gerrard 8724.
Evenings 8.40. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
BARRY JACKSON presents:
FOR SERVICES RENDERED
by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE.
LOUISE HAMPTON. C. V. FRANCE.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272.
EVGS. at 8.15. Weds., Thurs. and Sats. at 2.30.
THE MERRY WIDOW.
CARL BRISSON. HELEN GILLILAND. GEORGE GRAVES. DEREK OLDHAM. JAY LAURIER.

QUEEN'S. (Ger. 4517.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
BARRY JACKSON presents
EVENSONG.
By Edward Knoblock and Beverley Nichols.
EDITH EVANS.
VIOLET VANBRUGH. WILFRID LAWSON.

ST. JAMES'. Whitehall 3903.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
BEHOLD, WE LIVE. By John Van Druten.
GERALD du MAURIER. GERTRUDE LAWRENCE.

ST. MARTIN'S. Temple Bar 1443 & 1444.
Nightly 8.30. Mats. Tues. & Fri. at 2.30.
STRANGE ORCHESTRA.
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON. LAURA COWIE.

WESTMINSTER. (Victoria 0283). 2/3 to 10/6.
TO-NIGHT (Fri.) at 8.30. Subsequently 8.45.
(MON. 6.30 reduced prices). First Mat., Nov. 12, 2.30.
ANMER HALL presents
FOLLOW ME
by Tyrone Guthrie.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY, Oxford St. (Opp. Warings). Ger. 2981.
Second Week. The famous French drama.
DAVID GOLDER.
Also *THE BATTLE OF LIFE* and Hans Fischinger's *LICHTERTANZ.*

EMPIRE, Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
NORMA SHEARER
in *SMILIN' THROUGH,*
with FREDRIC MARCH, LESLIE HOWARD.

PALACE. Daily 2.30 & 8.30. Sun. 6 & 8.30.
GRAND HOTEL.
Greta GARBO, John BARRYMORE, Joan CRAWFORD, Wallace BEERY, Lionel BARRYMORE.
Extra Perf. SAT., 6 p.m. SEASON DEFINITELY LIMITED.

ART GALLERIES

NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.
New Burlington Galleries, Burlington Gardens, W.1.
83rd Exhibition now open.
Daily 10—5. Closes Dec. 2nd

THE
WONDER WATCH
Unbreakable Shock Proof
GUARANTEED
POST 5/- FREE
EACH
Cash returned if not satisfied
THE GEM WATCH CO.
180, Cemetery Rd., SHEFFIELD, 11

EVERYBODY'S BOSWELL
Being the Life of Samuel Johnson abridged from James Boswell's complete text and from the "Tour to the Hebrides."
NEW ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST H. SHEPARD. SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION OF 350 COPIES SIGNED BY THE ARTIST.... Published @ 42/- OFFERED AT 21/- POST FREE. NEW
WRITE FOR OUR NEW "BOOK BARGAINS" CATALOGUE.
HUDSON'S BOOKSHOP, New Street, BIRMINGHAM

ART PHOTOGRAPHS
Exclusive Life Camera Studies of all types and ages; particularly recommended to Artists, Sculptors, Designers and Art Lovers.
Specimens and Lists: 3/-, 5/-, 10/- and 20/-.
S. T. LEON CO., 62 DALE STREET, LIVERPOOL

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c
Goddard's
Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1-2- & 4-

DISARMAMENT
ROYAL ALBERT HALL
NOVEMBER 15th at 8 P.M.
IN THE CHAIR:
The Rt. Hon. the Viscount Cecil
The Archbishop of York — The Rt. Hon. Lord Eustace Percy, M.P.
Professor Gilbert Murray — The Rt. Hon. Margaret Bondfield
Beverley Nichols — The Hon. Sir Stafford Cripps, M.P.
J. C. Smuts — Vyvyan Adams, M.P.
Miss Megan Lloyd George, M.P.
WILL SPEAK AT A
DEMONSTRATION
SEATS numbered and reserved at 10/6, 5/- & 2/6 and a limited number of free seats obtainable from the League of Nations Union, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1. (Sloane 6161).
At the Organ: LLEWELYN BEVAN, A.R.C.O., A.R.C.M., L.R.A.M.
DOORS OPEN 7 p.m. No seats reserved after 7.50 p.m.

S.O.S.
The Life-Boat Service is rich in the tradition of splendid endeavour and self-sacrifice.
63,000 lives have been saved—and a call of distress never goes unheeded.
Will you play your part in maintaining this tradition—so that every S.O.S. shall always be answered? Every year the Life-Boat Service needs 1,000,000 contributions of 5/- each.
WILL YOU SEND
5/-
TO-DAY?
THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. B. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E. Secretary.
ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION,
LIFE-BOAT HOUSE,
42, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs: One Year, post free, 30s. Six months, post free, 15s. Three months, post free, 7s. 6d. and should be addressed to The Manager, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., Kingsway, W.C.2.